



THE

# Chatter

& Bystander 2 weekly 14 Nov. 1962





Photograph by Percy Hennell

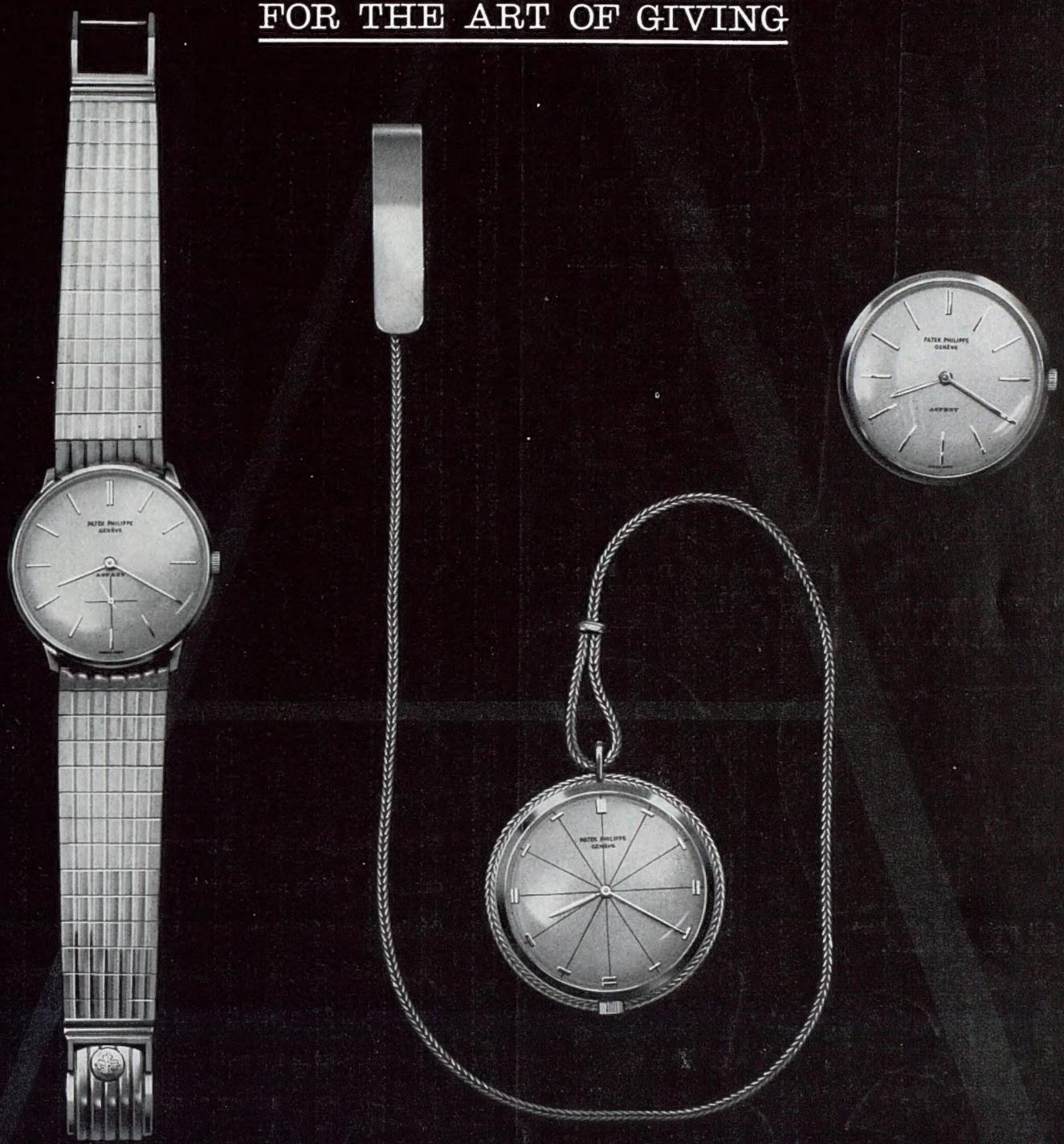
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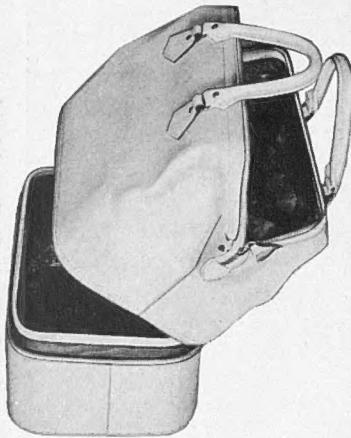
at Forsyth's Renfield Street Glasgow



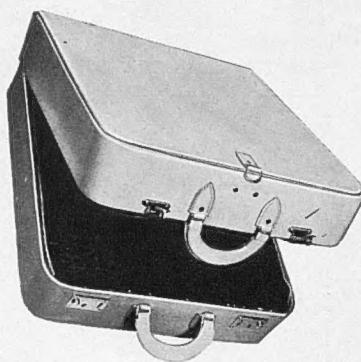
20" dark coach hide "Executive" case with outside folio attached. £21.7.6.



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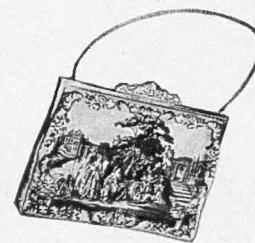
Cream Luxan hide combination bag, lined red silk, draw strap in lower part for own bottles and jars. £24.0.0.



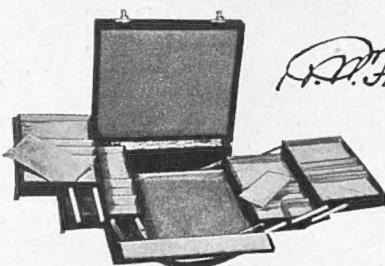
Ladies' coach hide Dress Robe for 6 dresses and space for other clothes, gilt locks and lined green moire silk. Also in Luxan hide, Morning Mist, and blue hide. £53.10.0.



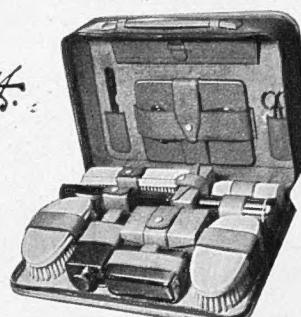
30" Walnut full grain hide zip Aero Case, with tapered sides. £37.10.0.



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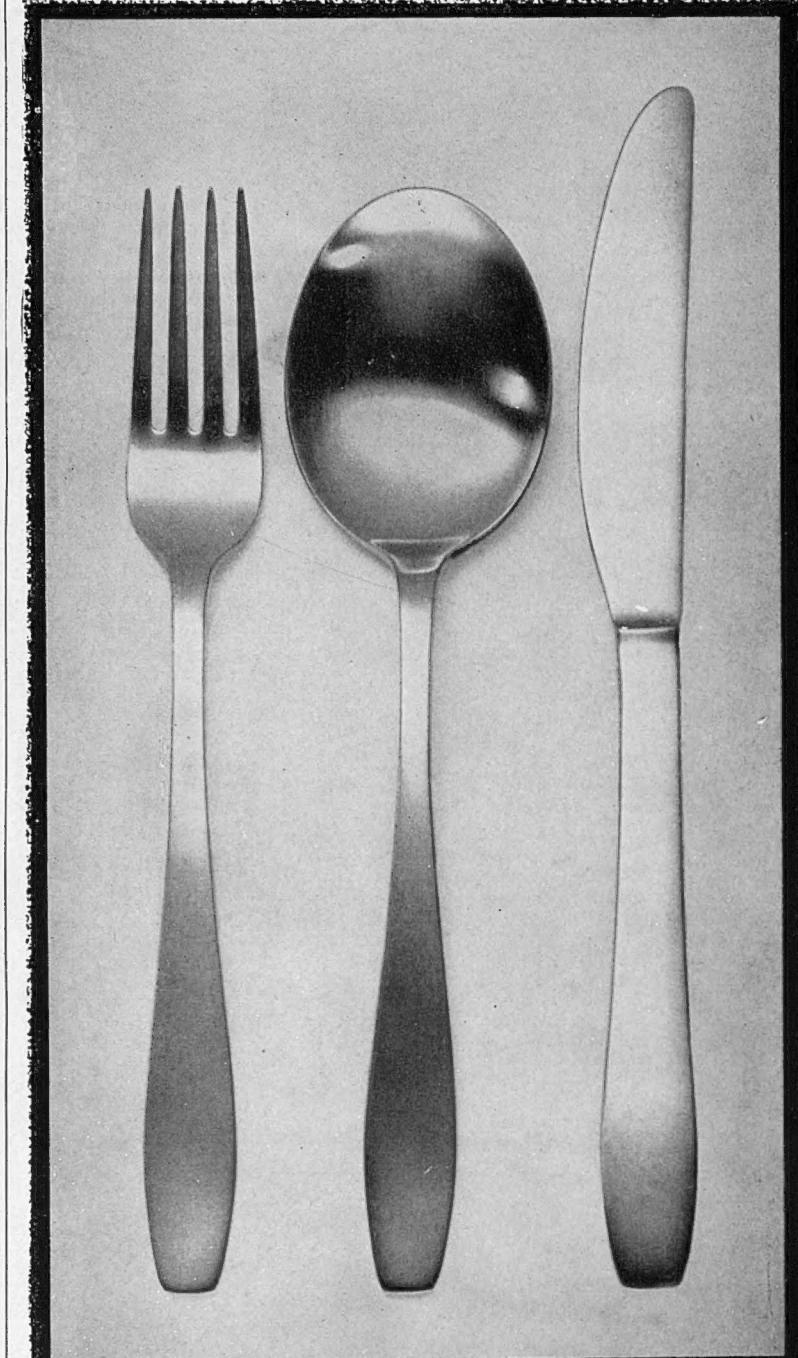
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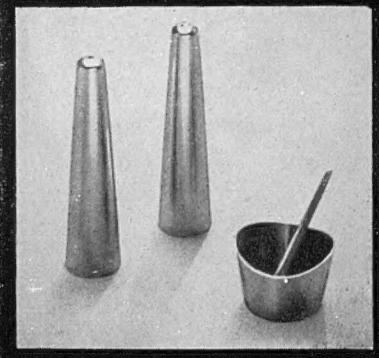
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

14 NOVEMBER, 1962

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niglise and nightdress in double  
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took the cover picture and the black and  
white lingerie photographs in this  
week's fashion section—see Private Lives,  
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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Western Approaches Command** reunion dinner-dance, the Dorchester, 16 November. (Details, Mr. H. W. F. Johnson, 104 Terminus Rd., Eastbourne.)

**V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball**, R.A.F. Officers' Mess, South Cerney, 16 November. (Details, Mrs. J. J. Mann, Oxlease Farm, Filkins, Lechlade, Glos. Southrop 216.)

**Sir W. W. Wynn's Hunt Ball**, Grafton Hall, Malpas, Cheshire, 16 November.

**Christmas Party**, Chelsea Town Hall, 3-5.30 p.m., 19 November, in aid of refugee children & families. (Tickets, £1 1s. inc. tea, from the Chairman, 39 Cadogan Place, S.W.1. BEL 4705.)

**United Charities Fair**, Grosvenor House, 19 November, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Adm. 2s. (Details, Molesey 2148, WEL 4177.)

The Queen will attend a St. Cecilia Day Concert at the Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 20 November, in aid of the Musicians Benevolent Fund and Allied Charities. (Tickets, 10s. to 3 gns., R.F.H. WAT 3191.)

**Park Lane Fair**, Northumberland Grand Hotel, Northumberland Avenue, 20 November. (In aid of the Forces Help Society & Lord Roberts' Workshops.)

**Maple Leaf Ball**, the Dorchester, 21 November. (Details, Mrs. J. F. Marcus, BEL 1080.) **Red Cross Ball**, Grosvenor House, 21 November. (Tickets, £2 17s. 6d. inc. dinner from Ball Cttee. Sec., B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. BEL 6833.)

**Thanksgiving Dinner** of the American Society in London, the Dorchester, 22 November. (Details, Miss Jones, MAY 8888.) **Gala Concert**, 8 p.m., 23 November, Royal Festival Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing. R.P.O. cond. Sir Malcolm Sargent with Moiseiwitsch (piano). (Tickets, 7s. 6d., to 10 gns., from Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.)

**Christmas Fair**, May Fair Hotel, 26 November, in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. Adm. 2s. (Details, AMB 0191, PAD 1677.)

**Gala Matinée of Ballet**, Drury Lane, 6 December, in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing Building Fund. Margot Fonteyn, Nureyev and guest artists. (Tickets, 10s. 6d. to 5 gns. from Webster & Girling, 211 Baker St., N.W.1. WEL 6666.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Steeplechasing**: Worcester, today; Wincanton, 15; Cheltenham, 16, 17; Uttoxeter, Newcastle, 17; Plumpton, 19; Wolverhampton, 19, 20; Kempton Park, 21, 22 November.

## MUSICAL

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Ondine*, 7.30 p.m. tonight & 19 November; *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *Le Corsaire*, *Daphnis & Chloe*, 7.30 p.m., 16 November; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 17 November; *Les Sylphides*, *Le Corsaire*, *Persephone*, 7.30 p.m., 21 November. (cov 1066.)

**Covent Garden Opera**. *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, 15 November; *La Traviata*, 17, 20, 23 November (last perfs.);



• Frank Sinatra makes a return to film drama in the psychological warthriller *The Manchurian Candidate* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, tomorrow. He plays a patrol leader captured in Korea by Communists and brainwashed in Manchuria. His co-stars are Laurence Harvey and Janet Leigh. The film goes on general release on 18 November

*Le Coq D'Or*, 22 November. All 7.30 p.m.

**Sadler's Wells Opera**. *The Flying Dutchman*, tonight, 23 November; *A Village Romeo & Juliet*, 15, 17 November; *Cinderella*, 16 November; *The Mikado*, 20 November, 7.30 p.m. *Carmen*, 21 November, 7 p.m.

**Royal Festival Hall**. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Antal Dorati, 8 p.m. tonight. Programme includes first perf. of Tippett's *Praeludium for Brass, Bells & Percussion*; Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Wilhelm Pitz, in *Messiah*, 7.30 p.m. tonight; The Dave Brubeck Quartet, 7.30 & 10 p.m., 17 November; John Ogdon (piano), 3 p.m.,

18 November; L.S.O. cond. Charles Mackerras, with Joaquin Achucarro (piano), 7.30 p.m., 18 November. (WAT 3191.)

## ART

"**The Human Telescope**," recent paintings by Harold Stevenson, Robert Fraser Gallery, Duke St., W.1., to 20 November.

**Georgina Ford**, fabric collages, Centaur Gallery, Portobello Rd., to 30 November.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**Mermaid**. *The Witch of Edmonton*, 21 November.

**Haymarket**. *The Tulip Tree*, 29 November.

## BRIGGS by Graham



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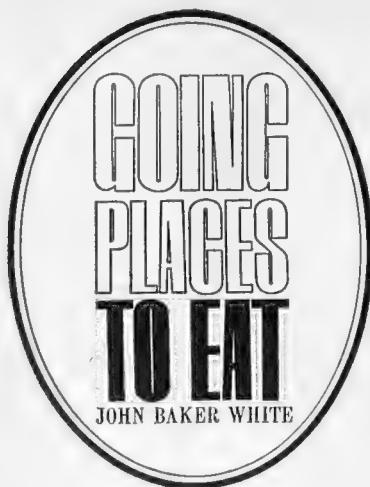
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**GOING PLACES IN PICTURES**

Dame Sybil Thorndike, who was 80 last month, is making her debut on the musical stage. She is appearing in Julian Slade and Robin Miller's version of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* currently touring prior to its London opening at the Queen's on 26 November. Dame Sybil plays the formidable Miss Crawley; the cast also includes Frances Cuka, George Baker and Naunton Wayne



## Three for the choosy

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Marynka**, 234 Brompton Road. Almost opposite the Brompton Oratory. (KEN 6753.) C.S. Before the war there used to be restaurants like this in Warsaw. There may be still, but this is a corner of Poland in London. Quite small, with pleasant, restful decor—not forgetting the decanter table lamps. The admirable cooking includes Polish and East European dishes, supported by well-chosen wines, mainly from one most reliable shipper. Your first course will cost you about 4s. 6d. to 6s., the main course 12s. to 14s., but you should not go away either hungry or dissatisfied. They know what a *schaslik* and an orange water ice should be. It is a place to take someone you really like if you want a quiet and intimate evening. N.B. They add 12 per cent service to the bill. W.B.

**Berkeley**, the Banquette. I wrote about this restaurant when it was opened: further visits have confirmed my liking for it. Recently I gave a rather special dinner party there, and they could not have done it better. Nor was the cost unreasonable—70s. per head, in-



Luigi Pelosi manages the Banquette at the Berkeley. This self-possessed Italian was second in command at the Savoy Grill for 30 years and defines his job as "making every client feel he is the most important person in the room and contributing to a feeling of bien-être." The Banquette, opened in April, aims at a young clientele. Feature is Allen Lindsey's mosaic glass screen

cluding two wines, coffee, liqueurs and cigars. The contentment of his guests is Luigi Pelosi's constant aim and desire.

**Queen's**, Sloane Square. (SLO 4381.) How pleasant it is to have a meal in a traditional Italian restaurant, descended from a long line in which the Florence, Pratti's, Canuto's and Pinoli's were shining stars. No frills, lighting tricks or plastic vineries, but pleasant unpretentious decor, with spotless white napery and waiters in black coats and white aprons. The 13s. three-course menu I found good value for money. From a wide variety of dishes I chose *pasta*, followed by *steak bordelaise*, and then *cassata*. The house wines are reasonably priced, and the Dutch lager kept at proper temperature. W.B.

### Wine note

Those who should know say that the British have become among the world's largest consumers of liqueurs. This is, no doubt, one of the reasons for the recent arrival from the House of Cointreau of three fruit liqueurs new to the British market. They are Regnier Apricot Brandy, Cherry Brandy and Framboise (Raspberry) Brandy. More information about them can be obtained from the sole importers, W. Glendenning & Sons Ltd., Heaton Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### ... and a reminder

**Kensington Palace Hotel**, De Vere Gardens, W.8. (WES 8121.) Specialized cooking in a redecorated restaurant.

**Le Beurre Fondu**, Wilbraham Hotel, Wilbraham Place. (SLO 8296.) Small, with private dining-room atmosphere and good cooking.

**Octopus**, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Eric Lukis sings to his guitar every Thursday evening from 9 p.m.

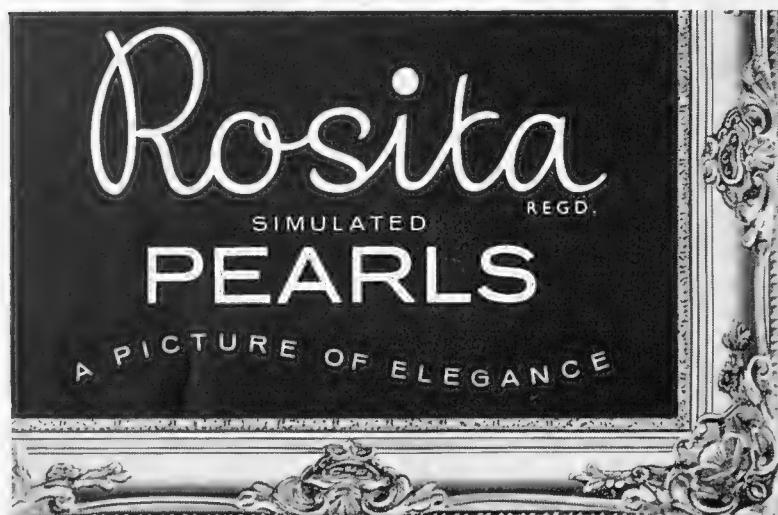
**Balon's**, 73 Baker Street. (HUN 2301.) One of the best in this part of London, and not at all expensive.

**Shorthorn**, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue. (KNI 8608.) What the French call classique, specializing in high quality meat.

**La Ronde**, 59 Marloes Rd., Kensington (WES 2589.) New, small, elegant with good cooking.



Freddy Albeck is appearing in cabaret at Quaglino's. This hefty (6 feet 4 inches) Dane combines off-beat humour with songs in a mixture to the most sophisticated taste



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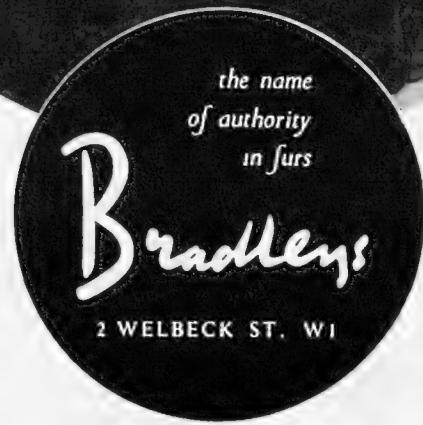
presents the first exhibition in London  
of the work of the famous French artist  
Raymond Peynet on loan from the  
Wilhelm Busch Museum in Hannover from  
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9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Saturday  
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Peter Clark photo

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## Prospect of Switzerland

SWITZERLAND IS A BYWORD FOR somewhat sanatorial cleanliness, for cheeses, for tax evasion potential and for winter sports. Politically, for its haven of liberal thought and for what are now seen as some rather abortive attempts to house world peace conferences. It has become a convention, equally among the super-travelled as among those who have hardly set foot across the Channel, to call it dull. Perhaps the melting-pot has been too well scoured to produce any *haute cuisine* of culture (or, indeed, of food), but maybe it is the very neutrality of Switzerland's background which has attracted, over the past century and a half, so diverse and colourful a collection of people. Though Lenin left it in a sealed train, without comment, Zürich was, to James Joyce, second only to Dublin as a city of intellectual stimulus. He lived there in the late 30s, at the same time as Einstein, Jung and Stravinsky. Paul Klee, one of whose early exhibitions was refused by the local council, nevertheless lived happily enough just outside Locarno; Dickens, of all unlikely people, revelled in Lausanne. Wagner, one of the more opulent composers, much enjoyed his Lucerne as well as a private island on Lake Zürich.

Stendhal and Flaubert both travelled the country widely, and the latter echoed the thoughts of many when he said of the Alpine landscape: "I would give all the glaciers for the Vatican Museum . . . the Alps are too big to be any use to us . . ." The Swiss landscape has indeed attracted none of the great painters. Like a wood full of bluebells in the spring, its beauty is so spectacular as to be almost banal. The view from a mountain slope, accompanied by the pale-clanging bells of innocent, fudge-coloured cows, is a ques-

tion of sensation, of the quality of light and height, of the smell of the air. It can be enjoyed to the point of ecstasy but never can it be reproduced, for its elements derive from too many different senses.

Not that Switzerland is all Alps and ski slopes. For those whose objective is not necessarily the nearest funicular, it has some rewards of its own. Not least, that of variety. First stop, Geneva. Flying in low over the lake, Mont Blanc and its coif of cloud float like a mirage on the horizon. Geneva may lack poetry but it is, at least, sanatorial in the positive, not the negative sense. A city built on water, rather in the manner of Stockholm, its appeal is in its sheer, euphoric sense of well-being. Debouching from the lake on which the city lies, like a sickle moon, the Rhône flows through it in a moving staircase of water, pouring swiftly and inexorably over the weirs. At night, the advertisements of the airlines and the watch manufacturers are reflected in the flat calm of the lake itself, a liquid mosaic of emerald and scarlet. The buildings which line the waterfronts are visions of 19th-century solidarity and propriety, but only a few paces up the steep cobbled streets on the south bank take you into the old city, where tattered newspapers and other evidence of Bohemian living blow reassuringly around the corners. The Place du Bourg is crowned by a delightful fountain, typically garlanded with flowers. Streets radiate from every point, housing expensive antique shops, less expensive—but still price-conscious—junk shops, and little boutiques. Haunt of the young and chic is a handful of *boîtes*: the Orangerie, the Chandelier, the Café des Armures. The oldest and most traditional of these is the café du Palais de Justice, an erstwhile bistro which was the venue of inter-war politicians. The signature of Captain Anthony Eden, M.P., 1934, decorates one framed menu in the original upper room. The rest of the bistro has now expanded into a rustic restaurant much like its neighbours. The gastronomic form is *fondue* accompanied by the fragrant white wine of the Valais, *fendant*. Dominating the old city is the Cathedral of St. Pierre in which Calvin preached.

The more expected Geneva is to be found in its great hotels—the Bergues, the Richemond and the Beau-Rivage. Well-heeled internationals as well

as nationals patronize the bars and grill rooms of all three. And, especially at night, they go to the Mère Royaume, a rustic restaurant of great repute where a very un-Calvinistic toast *les mariés de nos femmes* (*a bon mot* attributed to Brillat-Savarin), decorates one wall.

Geneva is encircled on three sides by French territory. Driving along the north shore of the lake, you first encounter Lausanne of the finishing schools (surely one of the most hideously muddled towns ever to grace so lovely a setting) and then Montreux, a sort of Monte Carlo of hotels and casino, which was built for and enjoyed by the generation between 1870 and 1914. It still has, I must admit, a certain glamour, especially by night

between Montreux and the grey eminence and intellectual austerities of Zürich, capital of German Switzerland and commercial centre of the whole country. I had one of the best meals in the Locanda Ticinese there: a lunch which was spiced by a lively exchange between five different nationalities, all of us strangers to each other at one table. Zürich is a city which, if you have any contact with its people, refutes once and for all any conception that this is either a truly chauvinistic city or a dull one. And yet, how different again is Zürich from the Italian languor which pervades the cities of Lugano and Locarno, over the Alps, the first spearheads of southern Europe. But of these and some



The Maloja Pass winding down through the Engadine. It is part of the highway leading from Switzerland to the Italian lakes

when the lights of Glion and other hill towns hang like stars over the bay. And, like Monte Carlo, its huge, echoing hotels still draw a faithful clientele for whom it has never been entirely out of fashion and favour.

How different, how unbelievably different, is this corner of French Switzerland from the simple *gemütlichkeit* of the little villages in the German part, such as Mürten, a mere 90 minutes' drive to the north. Above all, what a contrast

more of Switzerland, I hope to write in the coming weeks.

BEA and Swissair fly to Zürich as, also, to Geneva. But Middle East Airlines, who fly Comets three times a week to and from Geneva, have an especially convenient Sunday flight leaving at 3.35 p.m. (later than any except the actual night flights). A useful tip for those who want to enjoy the last of the skiing, or a last splendid lunch in Geneva—and be home in time to unpack at ease.

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THE TATLER  
14 NOVEMBER 1962

# DANCE AT A CASTLE



Floodlit Bickleigh Castle at Tiverton—part of the fabric dates from the 12th century—provided the setting for the first Hunt Ball organized by the Silverton Hunt for some years. Hosts for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Berkeley-Owen (*left*) the owners of the Devon castle. More pictures by Van Hallan overleaf

# Dance at a castle

CONTINUED

*Miss Sheila Hoops and Mr. Edward Quicke. He is a member of the Tiverton Hunt*



*Right: Mr. Simon Butler and Miss Angela Berkeley-Owen, daughter of the hosts, Below: Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Hayles*



*The Master of the Silverton Hunt, Mr. M. Austin, and his wife*



*The chairman of the Silverton Hunt, Mr. W. W. Ackland, and Mrs. Ackland*



*Miss Jan Lake and Mr. John Hill. Centre: Mrs. M. Major and Mr. Anthony Carden*

# VIETNAM'S GARDEN PARTY

by Barbara Vereker

ONE ENGLISH GUEST REMARKED, SURVEYING the Vietnamese diplomats and their wives at a party given by the Ambassador for Vietnam and MADAME NGO-DINH-LUYEN, "Surely they can't all be quite as young as they look." The party—to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the proclamation of the republic—was held at the Ambassador's private residence, Clock House, an imposing mansion on the edge of Wimbledon Common.

It later transpired that at least a few of the women were just as youthful as they looked—MRS. N. T. DAN, wife of the Second Secretary at the Embassy, was still a student at Newnham College, Cambridge, this time last year. But the air of fragility seems to have been a little deceptive for, according to Mrs. Dan, women in Vietnam are very career-minded, and many have important jobs in the Civil Service. Mrs. Dan's mother is headmistress of a High School in Saigon which has around 5,000 pupils. She did not attend her mother's school—"It would be terrible to be taught by one's mother"—but after going to a French *lycée* in Saigon she came to this country at the age of 17 to learn English. It did not take her long to master the language for last June she got a Cambridge degree in economics. She met her future husband when she was invited, as a student, to a party given by the Ambassador and she has enjoyed diplomatic receptions ever since. "I have not been to a great many yet," she said, adding in explanation that she had not been a diplomat's wife for very long. Questioned about how long, she hesitated. "Well, just two weeks," she said.

Vietnam is a sadly divided country and Miss NANCY RICE-JONES, who works for refugee organizations, was listening sympathetically to talk of the problems which arise in South Vietnam as a result of the refugees who stream in from the Communist-dominated North. Many of the nomadic people who live in the forests which separate North from South have been driven out by the Communist guerrillas who infiltrate through the mountains from Laos, and since most of the border villages are too poor to absorb and support them, temporary camps have had to be set up and food supplies transported from Saigon.

Mr. FRANK HARROD-MUNNING was another guest who was taking a professional interest in this conversation for he is administrator of the War on Want Campaign Against World Poverty which is concerned with refugees of all nationalities. Mr. Harcourt-Munning, a large and immensely cheerful man,

said that there were times, particularly when he was surrounded by Vietnamese, when he felt like a clumsy giant. ("If you want my vital statistics I am just over 6 feet tall and I weigh more than 20 stone.") There was no indication that anyone present found his size intimidating. In spite of the presence of ambassadors, politicians and government officials, the reception had the atmosphere of a family party, which was probably why it went on long after the time when it was scheduled to end.

## SALVO FROM TRAFALGAR

The Trafalgar Fair in aid of the British Sailors' Society took place this year at Chelsea Town Hall. An annual event which has always succeeded in raising an unusually large amount of money, it has now been extended to become a two-day affair and it was packed out on both of them. It was opened on the first day by last year's Lady Mayoress of London, LADY HOARE, who arrived in spectacular fashion in a "four-in-hand" coach in which she had driven from the Mansion House. It has become a tradition for the fair to be opened if possible by the current Lady Mayoress. This has a certain relevance for the reigning Lord Mayor of London is also always the hereditary Admiral of the Port of London. On the second day the fair was opened by Mr. GODFREY WINN with some apt reminiscences of his wartime service in a role he described as "very ordinary seaman." Among the entertainments provided was a Victory Dip run by Countess Nelson.

It was apparent that some of those who attended the fair had succumbed to the nautical atmosphere. Mrs. S. V. SEARIGHT had even brought along a couple of small cannon balls alleged to have been used at the battle of Trafalgar. "I thought somebody might be able to tell me exactly what they are, but nobody can," she said sadly. "Grape shot" Mr. Winn suggested without much conviction.

Moving spirit behind the fair is undoubtedly GWEN LADY MELCHETT, who has raised more than £30,000 for the cause since she became chairman of the committee nine years ago. Others who put in a lot of hard work included LADY KILMARNOCK, LADY OGILVY, Mrs. BASIL DUGDALE, the Hon. Mrs. FREDERICK LEATHERS and the Hon. Mrs. KENNETH SUENSON-TAYLOR.

## SALVO FROM HOLLYWOOD

Sailors seem to be doing well this year, for more money was raised for them by the charity première of the

film *How the West Was Won*. This is the first Cinerama film to break away from the straight travelogue in order to tell a story and it is a measure of its success that though it went on for over two-and-a-half hours nobody seemed to find this too long. The première was organized by King George's Fund for Sailors and the principal guest was ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, who was accompanied by his son-in-law, LORD BRABOURNE. Among an audience which included SIR RICHARD SNEDDEN, VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN OF DOXFORD, LADY CARRINGTON, the DOWAGER COUNTESS JELLINE and Mr. HENRY BARRACLOUGH there were many representatives of shipping companies, a number of Naval officers and a large contingent from the American Embassy. Mr. HENRY FONDA and Mr. GEORGE PEPPARD, both stars of the film, were receiving congratulations in the interval, and so were Mr. JOSEPH VOGEL, President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Incorporated, the company which made the film, and Mr. NICHOLAS REISINI, President of Cinerama Incorporated.

## WHEN MOTORISTS MEET

A dinner-dance given by the British Automobile Racing Club at Grosvenor House started off on a fairly staid note but ended as a hilarious romp with leading racing motorists giving an unofficial and noisily-applauded demonstration of the Madison. Motoring enthusiasts are always happiest when talking about cars and though they will, if pushed, talk about other things too, they are never so animated as when discussing the road-holding properties of the Mini-minor and kindred subjects. Certainly much of the talk on this occasion was technical and knowledgeable. EARL HOWE, president of the club, talked about motoring conditions in 1912 (the dinner was a jubilee celebration) and the toughness of the old-time drivers who had founded the club. LORD CHESHAM, combining the roles of long-standing member of the club and Man from the Ministry, neatly sidestepped controversial topics like underpasses and bottle-necks. SIR WILLIAM LYONS, head of the Jaguar company, praised his wife's driving ("She is extremely good—well, after all, I taught her.") Mr. JAMES HILL spoke enthusiastically about the R.A.C. Rally which he insisted was now one of the best and toughest in the world. Among the many people present were Mr. GRAHAM HILL and Mr. T. H. WISDOM, two of the most popular personalities in the world of British motoring.

*Muriel Bowen is on holiday. She will resume her weekly column later this month*

# HAVING A BALL



Mrs. Lew Grade, Lady Jean Rankin, chairman of the ball, and Princess Alice, president of the National Children Adoption Association



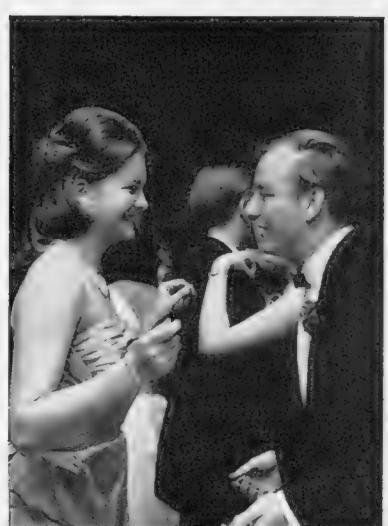
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Wills



Lady James Crichton-Stuart



Mrs. Richard Abel Smith



Miss Sally Dupree and Mr. Colin McCullough



Miss Susan Shaw and Mr. Richard Cornwall-Legh



Mrs. Stephen Robinson supplies witches Tessa Kaye and Odile Gommes with balloons

Opposite page: at the Dorchester the Hallowe'en Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association. Below: at their Portland Place headquarters, the annual dance of the Royal Institute of British Architects



*Mr. & Mrs. Keith Routledge*



*Sir Basil Spence, a past president*



*The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett*



*Mr. J. M. Austin-Smith,  
vice-president*



*Sir Donald Gibson, the hon.  
secretary*



*Mr. E. D. Jefferiss Mathews,  
hon. treasurer*



*Sir William Holford, a past  
president, with Lady Matthew*



*Mrs. Harry Osborne*



*Miss Angela Warner with  
Inigo Jones*



*Major Julian du Parc Braham*

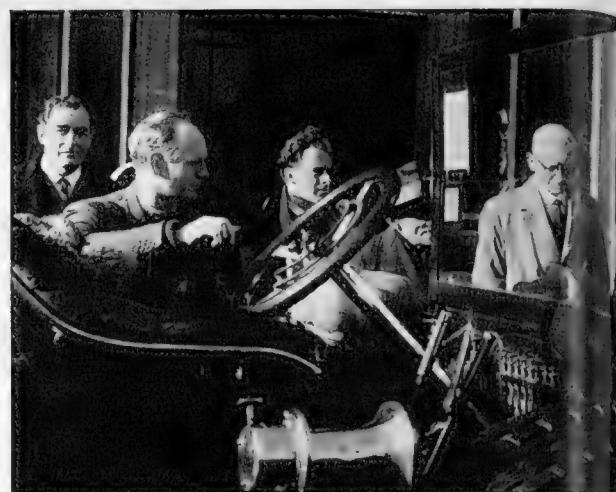


*Miss Sandra Bourne*

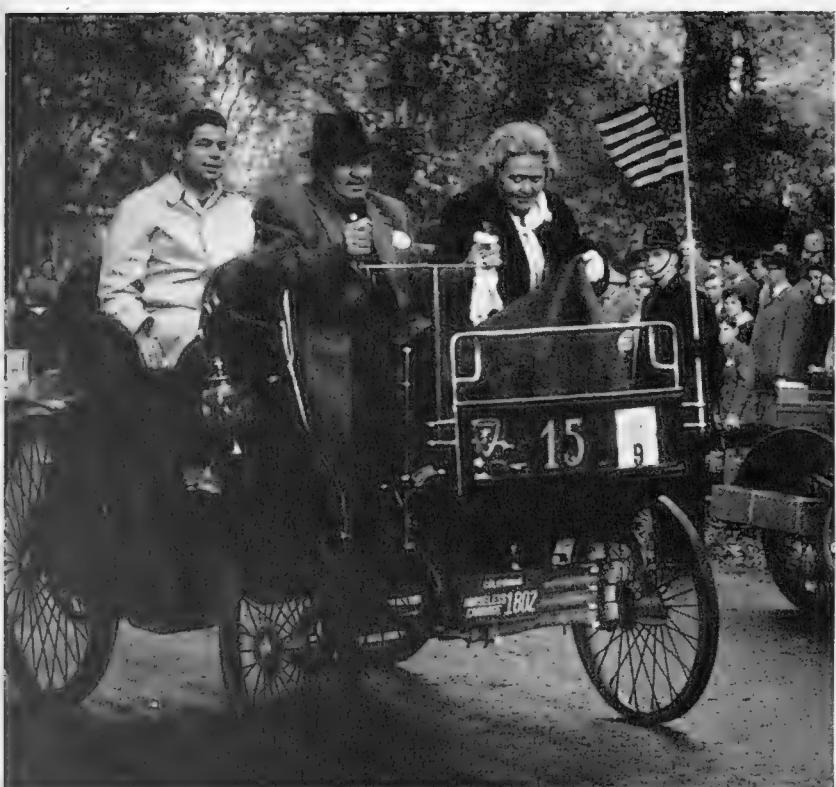
# Brighton or bust!



*Three buckets of water to top up the 1896 Panhard-Levassor driven by M. J. Lelievre, President of the Automobile-Club de l'Ouest*



*Electrical fault put Lord Montagu's 1903 Mercedes off the road early in the rally. But repairs were done, the run completed*



*Shipped from California for the rally, an 1896 Peugeot, by Mr. A. Helwig, driving*



*Push-off for an 1899 Panhard-Levassor driven by Mr. E. H. Jarvis of London*



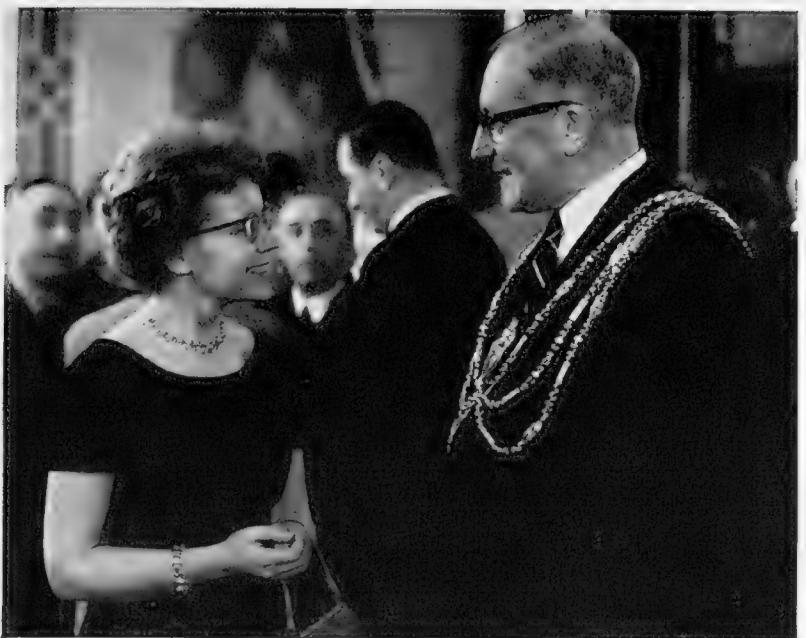
*Hard way, only way to start his 1901 M.M.C., demonstrated by Mr. J. Hamilton*



*Up-to-date comfort in a 1900 Benz: Mrs. F. Kendall drove Mr. N. Cole's entry*



*Miss Judith Langton, at 19 the youngest driver, in her father Mr. Oliver Langton's 1904 Rolls-Royce, with her mother*



*Alderman Button, Mayor of Brighton, was waiting at a cocktail party in the Royal Pavilion. Talks here to Miss Collier, a passenger in the 1904 Oldsmobile driven by Mr. Frank Smith*



*Mr. P. Fotheringham-Parker who drove a 1901 Renault, his wife who drove a 1903 Renault, and her co-driver, Mr. Tommy Wisdom*



*At the start: Brighton Motor Museum's entry, a 1904 Brushmobile, driven by Mr. Norman Joseph*

**BARBARA VEREKER WRITES:** The sun was just breaking through the early-morning greyness when the first of the veteran cars set out from Hyde Park on the start of their annual London to Brighton run. The crowd was two-deep along the Serpentine Road with spectators and cameramen jostling round the cars while preoccupied drivers in duffel-coats and deerstalkers made last-minute adjustments. Bulb horns honked as the cars splashed through the surface mud to the starting-point. An hour later they were still leaving in twos and threes, bowling across Hyde Park Corner to Westminster Bridge. The engines throbbed and chugged and hissed, but there was seldom a rattle from the coachwork for these old cars, with their gleaming brass and shiny paintwork, are as solidly-built as the horse-drawn carriages which some of them resemble. **LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU**, driving a 60-horsepower 1903 Mercedes, started with a bang from the car and a cheer from the crowd and got as far as Streatham before an electrical fault caused a temporary breakdown.

There were remarkably few breakdowns but they could be spotted from a distance by the huddle of sympathetic onlookers. Lord Montagu's half-hour halt not only attracted a crowd but had the autograph hunters clamouring. This teenage passion for the peerage seemed a little startling until a schoolgirl, emerging triumphantly from the scrum ("I got it, Mum") put things into perspective. The main attraction, it seemed, was not the old aristocracy as personified by Lord Montagu but the new aristocracy as personified by TV star Huw THOMAS who happened to be a passenger. Farther along the route, baffled but willing garage hands had run into linguistic difficulties with the President of the Automobile-Club de L'Ouest who had driven in with his 1896 Panhard-Levassor emitting a cloud of steam. It was clear that he wanted water but not clear where he wanted it put. They finally sorted it out, quenched the car and Monsieur Le President and his companion were off again, two solemn elderly gentlemen wearing berets and dedicated expressions. *Hélas!* they failed to finish.

The oldest car on the run was an 1896 Arnold driven by CAPTAIN EDWARD DE COLVER. Oldest driver was 84-year-old MR. PERCY KIDNER. First car to arrive was a 61-year-old Progress driven by Mr. M. DAVENPORT. There were 239 starters and 220 cars made Brighton by four in the afternoon and thus qualified for the Commemoration Medal. Cars had come from all parts of the world. COUNT C. PINDEMONTI had brought an 1899 Menon from Italy. Mr. A. HELWIG from California had entered one of the five veteran cars which he owns. He bought it in Mexico City where it had been shipped over originally for the use of some Spanish royalty. The royal crest had still been on the car when Mr. Helwig bought it, but an over-zealous employee had removed it with emery paper. "I did not kill him," Mr. Helwig remarked, "it is unfortunately illegal to kill people in Mexico City."

At the party given by the Mayor of Brighton, ALDERMAN BUTTON, Mr. FOTHERINGHAM-PARKER, a former racing driver, was talking about the diary he had bought with a veteran Lutzman. It recorded how the original owner had been fined 10s. for speeding but let off later when the judge had decided that it was not worth bothering about such things, since this motoring nonsense was a craze that would very soon pass. Mr. Fotheringham-Parker had driven a 1901 Renault in this year's run and his wife had also taken part in another Renault, two years younger. Hearing her talk about her car one began to see that veteran car owners regard their vehicles with something of the same feeling that a musician has for his instrument.

"I suppose they find it fun," said a lady along the route in a doubtful tone as she watched a Panhard flash by at 20 m.p.h. in a driving shower of rain. A Jaguar or some such new-fangled contraption swerved in in front of the Panhard, blissfully unaware that instant breaking was not a feature of early motoring. The Jaguar looked very comfortable but somehow the Panhard did look a lot more fun.

# ROYAL GUEST AT A GALA NIGHT

A dinner and dance, celebrating the 75th anniversary of Den Norske Klub, was held at the Dorchester. Norway's King Olav (below), addressed the gathering



*King Olav with Capt. J. A. Grindle, R.N., who captained H.M.S. Apollo, in which the King returned to Norway after the liberation*

*Mrs. N. F. Aall and Mr. J. B. Atlung, president of the club*

*Mr. F. Koren, Norwegian Consul for Scotland, with the Norwegian Consul-General, Mr. G. F. C. Collin*



*Mrs. T. F. More and Mr. O. C. Malterud*

*Mrs. A. B. Eriksen and Miss K. Fenier*

*Miss K. Evjen and Miss B. Evjen*

The Huddlestons of Sawston Hall, near Cambridge, are the first to adapt a personal form of Son et Lumière to the stringent demands of the British climate by taking their guests inside. They have the freedom of the 41-room house but interest centres in the hall and seven other rooms where by the light of several hundred candles on an hour-long tour they can listen to music and a softly recorded narrative that recreates the scenes of the past among the tapestries, the furniture and the pictures that witnessed them. The one disadvantage is that because of limited space, the number of guests has to be restricted to about 30 each time, and seats have to be booked in

advance by telephone. Sawston was built on the ruins of an older manor (mentioned in Domesday Book) which was fired and partly destroyed on the night of 7 July, 1553, by Cambridge townspeople pursuing the then Princess Mary, later Queen of England and wife of Philip II of Spain. The new house was started in her reign but not completed till 1584 under the first Queen Elizabeth. Sawston entered the hands of the Huddleston family when one of them, a younger son of a Cumberland squire, married a daughter of John Nevill, Marquess of Montagu. The deed of partition of the late Marquess's properties between his five daughters, dated 1502, remains at the Hall

# A STATELY HOME BY CANDLE-LIGHT



Major A. C. Eyre, secretary of Sawston Hall and a nephew of Capt. R. E. Huddleston, the head of the family, welcomes guests at the inauguration reception. He stands in front of a fireplace which, together with the others in the house, uses up 14 tons of wood from the estate each year



Mr. Charles Morland, Sir Penrose Fry, Monsignor A. Gilbey and Mrs. Burkitt, listening to Major Eyre's talk



In 1651 Father John Huddleston, a cousin of the Sawston Hall family, helped Prince Charles (later Charles II) to escape after the battle of Worcester; his portrait hangs in the Panelled Bedroom (opposite page) together with the Royal Proclamation exempting Father John from the order, imposed on the King by Parliament, banning Catholic priests

Mrs. A. C. Eyre lighting candles in the Long Gallery before the show. The wooden candle-holder, cut by her husband, stands in front of one of the two early 17th-century Mortlake tapestries



In the drawing-room is a harpsichord, made by Jacobus Kirckman of London in 1773, and bought in 1788 for £27 2s. by the Mrs. Huddleston of the time. Her portrait hangs over the fireplace on the right and her account book is preserved at Sawston

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEXANDER LOW



The Panelled Bedroom is the biggest in the house, panelling and floor are Tudor, the doors hang on the original steel hinges. The Restoration four-

poster is Flemish, and the portrait to the left of the bed is of Father John Huddleston, who helped Prince Charles after Worcester



Candlelit at the foot of the staircase is an Italian sculpture, *Caritas*

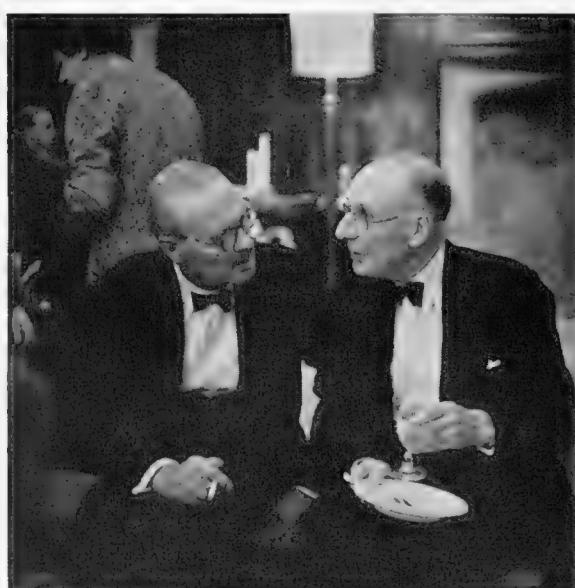
Portrait of a Huddleston girl, attributed to Kneller, hangs in the Long Gallery



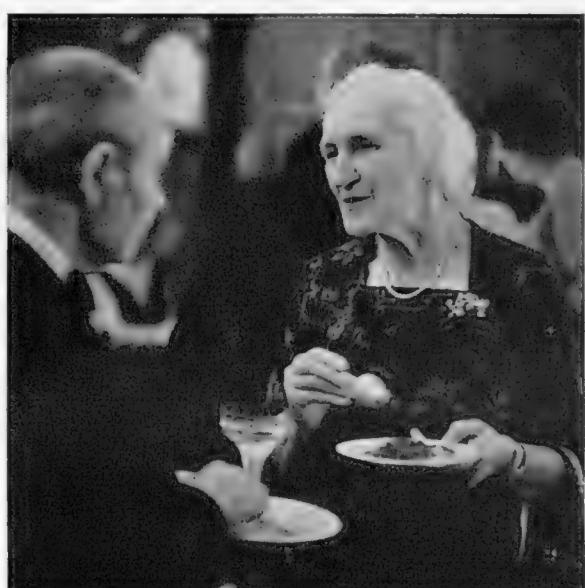
Seated from left: Mrs. A. C. Eyre, Miss K. Hurrell, Mrs. Christopher Parker, Mr. Christopher Parker. Standing at right: Mrs. Melesi, Mrs. Vintner, Capt. R. Eyre-Huddleston



Miss V. Rhodes and Lady Mary Kirk



Mr. G. O. Vintner and Mr. R. Parker, the  
Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire



Mgr. A. Gilbey and Lady Milford



Capt. and Mrs. R. Eyre-Huddleston  
and the Hon. Della North (centre).  
Behind Capt. Huddleston is Lt. Collier  
of the U.S. Air Force

# ALL FOR AN EXTRA 1/6 A MINUTE

Lord Kilbracken

I FLEW to Nice and back last week at the behest of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, D.C., who wanted me to do some work for them. It all happened very much at the last moment—"There's a Comet leaving in two hours; can you make it?" said the voice on the phone—and was on a marvellous all-expenses-paid basis. Half-an-hour after the phone call, a glamorous secretary arrived in a taxi with my ticket and plenty of fivers, and half-an-hour after that I was myself in a taxi with my hastily-packed suitcase, heading for London Airport. I arrived 20 minutes before take-off and it was only as I breathlessly checked in that I discovered it was a first-class ticket. I may as well admit that I had never flown first-class before. It had never seemed to me that it could possibly be worth while to pay the extra money—in this case over £15 on the return trip—when tourist, after all, is not all that uncomfortable. The flight would take only 1½ hours, and I looked forward to finding out exactly what advantages could repay the extra one-&-six a minute. I hadn't long to wait for the first example. "All passengers with red boarding cards, please," said the ground hostess (if that's what she's called) when the bus reached the nose of the Comet.

There were only 13 passengers altogether—*absit omen*, I thought to myself—and some of them looked very smart and prosperous, while I'd only had time to put on an old pair of slacks and a sweater. For all that, I was the one solitary passenger who followed the hostess across the metaphorical red carpet and up the steps to the first-class entrance. I've never felt so one-up; the others were taken aft with no ceremony. Arrived in the spacious

cabin, which was so far forward that the wings were invisible, giving the impression that I was in a rocket, I could therefore take my pick of the 16 empty seats; I had the whole place to myself. Our take-off was stupendous, as only a Comet's can be (especially with such a light load); we seemed to go up vertically and were at 3,000 feet, I subsequently learned, before reaching the airport's perimeter. I asked for a little champagne; the air hostess and the steward—I was their sole responsibility, their solitary *raison d'être*—informed me in unison that it was on ice already. It came along shortly and was pleasant, though perhaps not quite as dry as it should have been—after all, it was costing the N.G.S. about £3 a go. (Actually it was complimentary; I calculate the figure on the grounds that it was the only *tangible* advantage, as far as I could tell, of travelling first.)

With my second glass, I was offered a plate of so-called open sandwiches, all that is provided if you take off at 2.15 p.m., even if you've had to skip lunch, as I had. I admit they were excellent as far as they went. After a few minutes, as we whistled over Paris at 33,000 feet and 520 m.p.h., the Captain strolled into the cabin like a minor deity (as captains always do) and inquired if everything was to my total satisfaction. I assured him that it was; and we then fell into conversation, in the course of which I casually mentioned that I had once been a pilot myself. "Things are a bit different now, ha-ha-ha," I said. He agreed, I thought, a little too readily.

Some little while later, when he had gone back to work, the air hostess presented me with his compliments and asked if I would care to join him forward. I accepted with alacrity. If

this invitation were intended to impress on me just *how* different things are, it certainly succeeded. There are about a million instruments, but the biggest difference is that the pilots appear to have absolutely nothing to do. George, as the automatic pilot has always been known, has full and absolute charge, to an extent undreamt-of when I was flying. (Not that I personally ever worked with George anyway; imagine George in a Stringbag! I flew the thing myself, strange as it now may seem.) Furthermore, the navigation is automatic, too.

In front of us on the instrument panel was that remarkable device, the Decca Navigator. Radio controlled, it automatically marks in ink, on a built-in map of the route which unrolls itself as required, the exact track followed over the ground by the aircraft; it thus obviously also indicates one's exact position at any given moment. No need today for dead reckoning, for triangles of forces, for astronav! We were approaching Montelimar, where the nougat comes from, I saw. "Over Montelimar, we make a 30-degree turn to port," said the Captain. Now, I thought, he'll at last have to fly it himself—he or his number two. But not a bit of it: as soon as we reached the town, over went the Comet in an easy bank of its own, straightening out smoothly on the correct new course.

Instructions were soon received to start losing height. The pilots, even now, had nothing to do themselves. The Captain simply ordered the engineer to reduce power. Flip-flop-flip went half-a-dozen switches behind us. The Comet was pre-set to fly at 520 m.p.h. *whatever happened*; when power was reduced, it therefore had no alternative but to put its handsome nose down. This it did to such good effect that we were soon losing height at 3,000 feet a minute. Nice was in sight when I returned to the passenger cabin. Neither of the pilots had once touched the controls during my 15 minutes "up front."

I flew back four days later in a Caravelle—B.E.A. were not flying that day. The champagne was drier, but I must admit it was anticlimactic *in toto*. I say this despite being a confirmed Francophile, and it wasn't just that this time there were five other first-class passengers, which diluted my splendour. (We were led out very grandly to the aircraft, a good two minutes ahead of the common herd.) But it just isn't a patch on the Comet, in my opinion, and never can be. It was fun while it lasted—so was the Hotel de Paris—but I don't think I'll ever fly first-class again. Unless, of course, another wealthy benefactor presents me with free tickets, in which case I'll not refuse them.

*Robert Wraight reports the social rise of the lithographic print. Michael Peto photographs some of the artists and craftsmen responsible*



Ceri Richards working on the stone. Below: John Piper's lithograph *Cathedral* is printed. Only a few prints are run off before the plate is destroyed

# THE QUIET REVOLUTION

DURING RECENT YEARS THE great British public's taste in art has undergone a quiet revolution—one that is likely to be as far reaching as (and considerably more important than) that which finally ousted the *Monarch of the Glen* and put in its place a reproduction by Van Gogh. It is part of a world-wide art revolution in which Britain has trailed behind Italy, Germany and France. Now it is gaining momentum here and our native leaders, headed by the Hon. Robert Erskine of the St. George's Gallery in London and abetted, I am proud to say, by me, can now see victory clearly ahead. Their slogan, "An original print in every home" is changing from a piece of wishful thinking to a hardheaded reality.

An "original print" differs from a reproduction in that it is a work of art designed from

the start for the particular medium in which it is produced, hence it is not a copy in one medium of something originally produced in another. In fact it is not a copy at all since it does not exist as a work of art until it is printed. The claim has been made that an original print is as much a work of art as an original painting, but a closer comparison could be made with a piece of sculpture which exists in an edition of several bronze casts. The print, like the bronze sculpture, is usually produced in a limited edition which (except where the artist chooses to do the job himself) is run off by a craftsman-printer whose relationship to the finished work corresponds with that of the bronze-founder to the bronze sculpture.

The present revival of interest in prints here, as on the Continent, is centred mainly

around the lithographic process which, though discovered more than 160 years ago, is only now beginning to be fully developed as a medium for original art. Lithography is one of those inventions which are basically so simple that we marvel they were not made much earlier than they were. It is founded on a chemical principle—that of the mutual antipathy of grease and water—which must have been known to Man since he first became a carnivore.

The process, discovered accidentally by Prague-born Alois Senefelder at the end of the 18th century, differs fundamentally from all earlier printing processes in that the impression is made from a flat surface, not a surface with a raised image (as in woodcuts) nor one where the image is incised (as in etchings). As its name implies, lithography con-

sists of drawing upon stone—limestone slabs with prepared surfaces (nowadays zinc plates are frequently used instead, particularly for commercial work). The drawing, done with greasy chalk or ink, permeates the porous surface and is then fixed with gum arabic. Water is applied to the surface with a sponge and is followed by greasy ink of the required colour applied with a roller. The ink adheres only to the drawn area so that a sheet of paper pressed down evenly on the surface will receive a reversed image of the drawing only.

This discovery made all the laborious work of engraving metal or wood out of date. Its artistic possibilities were enormous, but inevitably these had to take second place to its commercial possibilities. Many great 19th-century artists made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 442





Josef Herman working on the stone for his lithograph *Mother and Child*. Left: John Piper signs *Cathedral* in his studio at Fawley Bottom. Mr. Timothy Simon of Curwen Press helps



essays in this new art form but, with only one notable exception, Daumier, none was asked by the art publishers of the day to produce original lithographs for sale to the public. Those gentlemen were far too busy using the process to produce a flood of crude reproductions of Old Masters.

Today the position is very different. Most of the leading artists of France regularly produce lithographs for sale in editions of several hundreds. They find that the medium offers unlimited opportunities for experiment. Picasso, characteristically, has shown that all the old rules may be broken with impunity—and arresting results. In this country the Senefelder Group of Artist Lithographers (formerly the Senefelder Club) has striven since 1910 to keep the art alive and many individual devotees have remained faithful to it for decades. But it is only recently that a major breakthrough to the public has been made and that people who would hitherto have been satisfied with a mechanical reproduction of a famous painting have begun to ask for "original prints." It is significant that at least one of the leading publishers of art reproductions, Ganymede Press, has now entered the "original print" market.

As other firms follow this lead, more and more of our best artists will be attracted to lithography. At the moment the facilities for a painter who feels he would like to attempt the medium are still inadequate. A large proportion of the work available today has been produced in schools' lithographic departments. More workshops like the Curwen Press's Studio at Plaistow are needed. There during the past three or four years many distinguished artists—among them John Piper, Ceri Richards, Josef Herman, William Scott, Prunella Clough and Alan Davie—have rolled up their sleeves and got down to work on the stone. Some were old hands at lithography, others raw beginners. But all have paid tribute to the great skill and infinite patience with which their work has been printed by the Studio's resident artist-lithographer, Stanley Jones. A former student and a present lecturer of the Slade School, Jones spent two years studying lithography in Paris before putting his own considerable gifts as an artist at the disposal of other artists. A shortage of first-class printers has for a long time restricted the pro-

duction of first-class prints, but with his example before them many serious art students are taking up the work.

Only in this way can the demand for colour prints (which is part of the general demand for more and more colour in the modern home) be met with work of top quality. The best original colour lithographs have a vibrant quality unmatched by any method of mechanical reproduction. They also have the virtue of possible appreciation in value.

At the moment the print buying public is a discriminating one and it is to be hoped that as this public grows the standard of prints offered to it will be maintained. This is the avowed aim of the Curwen Studio and of Robert Erskine, who has probably done more than any other individual to bring the "original print" into popular favour. His gallery in Mayfair provides an essential link between the artists and the public. He commissions, publishes and exhibits prints and has made a film about them. A large proportion of the many exhibitions of prints seen in this country recently have been arranged by him and a large part of the credit for the South London Art Gallery's "Prints of the World" exhibition which toured the country last summer was due to him. This wonderful show provided an unrivalled opportunity for comparisons between the many different forms of print making and between the amazing variety of national characteristics expressed in them by artists in a score of countries from Australia to the Arctic Circle, from Thailand to Mexico. It gave the "revolution" a tremendous fillip.

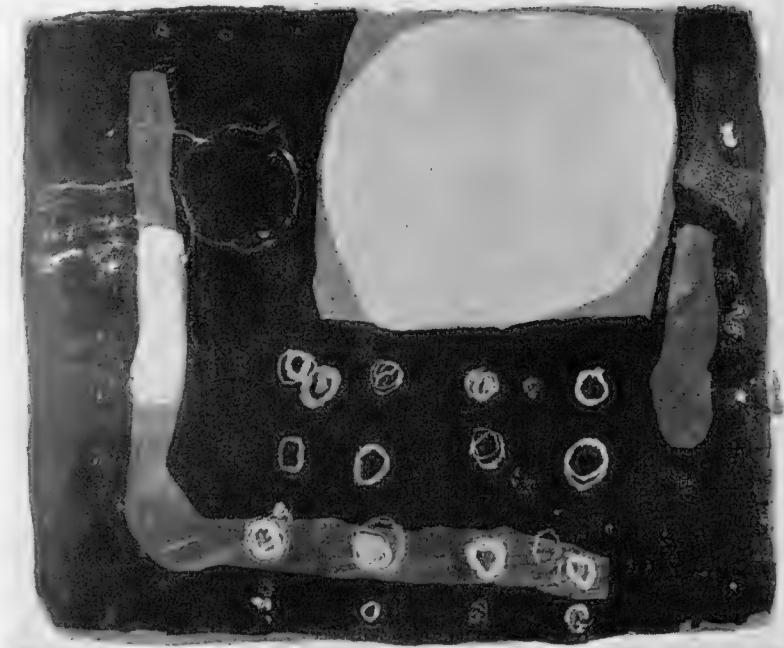
A large, permanent collection of modern prints is always available for viewing on request at the South London Art Gallery and another important show is planned there for 1963. The St. George's Gallery has a stock of more than 2,000 different prints, many of them by well-known artists. There are woodcuts by Michael Rothenstein, lithographs by Michael Ayrton, etchings by Anthony Gross. Among the best-sellers are etchings and lithographs by the young painters David Hockney and Allen Jones, both of whom have achieved fame as leading figures in the "Pop" art movement. So far the Gallery has concentrated on the work of living British artists but soon it is to add to its stock a number of examples of the striking woodcuts now being produced by Japanese artists.



*Josef Herman's lithograph Two Miners*



*John Piper's Beach In Brittany*



*William Scott's Barra*



At the Curwen Studio Stanley Jones (above) with bearded artist William Scott. Below: supervises the fixing of a Ceri Richards drawing





David Hicks's table set for breakfast

# TABLE SET

COUNTERSPY BY  
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
BARRY WARNER

WHAT YOU ACTUALLY DO WITH the china when it arrives depends on the owner's ability to lock the jigsaw of food, friends and background into one effective whole. Eating climates are helped by spare shapes of gleaming white china in modern room-scapes, precise black & white

foiled against family silver, sunny French blues that won't quarrel with cornflakes. Here are four people, the food they like to eat, the china they like to eat it from. . . . Each was asked to design a table set with china chosen from Rosenthal Studio House, some accessories from General Trading Co.

**David Hicks's** table set for breakfast (*see above*).

What he put on it: Rorstrand's lively blue & white set called Koka—the big breakfast cups are really soup cups that look like rather smart coffee mugs. What pulled it off: the bang of blue against blue—blue china, blue cornflowers, blue striped cloth.

What he likes for breakfast: fruit juice, cornflakes, boiled eggs, cold game or ham, coffee, toast & marmalade.

**Countess Jellicoe's** table set for a formal dinner.

What she put on it: Rosenthal china called Shape Variation and designed by Tapi Wirkkala. Some stunning Swedish glass called Aristocrat from the General Trading Com-

pany. Some beautiful accessories: a 1626 silver gilt tureen, Napoleonic gold cutlery.

What pulled it off: the magic mixture of dramatic black & white china against lavish gold and black candles.

What she likes for a formal dinner: Black caviare, lemon & onion, hot toast. Poulet Périgord, petit pois, baby carrots and soufflé potatoes. Coeurs de Laitue with caraway seed dressing. Angels on horseback. Fresh lime sorbet. To drink: black coffee. Vodka Smirnov. Châteauneuf du Pape 1957. Administration des Prince Frederick von Preussen Schloss Reinhartsbauener Hattenheimer Cabinet 1959. Champagne Lanson 1949.

**Dame Margot Fonteyn's** table set for an after-theatre supper.

What she put on it: Rosenthal's whitest china called Romanza with its slight, lacy texture. Venini tumblers and decanter striped with stinging blue & green from General Trading plus some Austrian glass called Tyrol from Rosenthal.

What pulled it off: An unbelievably blue bowl from Sweden with grapes and orchids tumbling out of it which cued its colour to the Italian glass, and contrasted with the china. What she likes for after the theatre: Consommé with vodka. Spiced fish. Rice with coconut. Orange Orientale. To drink: Light dry hock, champagne, Dom Pérignon.

**Eduardo Paolozzi's** table set for an evening meal.

What he put on it: Rosenthal's white & gold Constanza plus some plain white Berlin china. A Burma teak salad bowl by Lumos. A Delft blue sugar bowl with a head of a girl holding birds that might have been an antique with its delicate weathered-blue glaze. Both at Rosenthal.

What pulled it off: The simplicity and direct appeal of the table matching the food.

What he likes to eat in the evening: Consommé en gelée or Vichyssoise. Cold chicken or ham, tongue or beef with salad. Fruit and coffee. Bread & butter. Plus wine and water.

# PRIVATE LIVES

PRESENTING LINGERIE CHOSEN FOR A HONEY-MOON TRousseau BY ELIZABETH DICKSON, & PHOTOGRAPHED BY TERENCE DONOVAN



Black magic stages a comeback in nylon heaped with lace on the bodice & around the hemline. Pretty enough to keep any girl off the shelf. Charnos at Fenwicks, 62s. 6d. Also at Rackhams of Birmingham & Schofields of Leeds.

Snoozing shift in pink gingham answers the weekend suitcase problem most delightfully with an ease of packing and lack of bad crushing habits. Extra frivolity via the crisp white broderie anglaise trim. Gerry Berner at Harrods; Outlook, Middlesbrough; Debra, Farnborough. 24s. 6d.



Worthwhile compliment to a pretty figure, a shortie nightdress in cloudy white nylon. The lace edged camisole top has double shoestring straps with more lace double tiered around the skirt and hem. Sash of baby blue ribbon. Wolsey at Harrods. £6 16s. 6d. Also at Bobby's, Eastbourne; Bright's, Bristol.





Victoriana  
recreated in a  
delectable waltz-  
length nightshirt.  
Ready to combat  
the chill of the  
English country  
house bedroom  
in ice-blue brushed  
nylon and ruffled  
for fun in black  
lace. Proper  
Pride at  
D. H. Evans. 2 gns.  
Also at Walkers,  
North Shields;  
Suters, Uxbridge.

Gracious and flattering, a peignoir and nightdress pair to add luxury to the lingerie drawer of the older woman. Soft dawn shade achieved through a layer of silver grey double denier nylon over pink. Yoke and sleeves of the peignoir flounced with misty grey lace, pink satin ribbon ties at the neckline. 16 gns. for the set.

Harvey Nichols.





For the very young bride, a romantic nightdress and negligée in white broderie anglaise mounted on baby blue nylon with nightdress in the nylon only. The collar edged and sleeves cuffed in layers of white lace frills, neckline sashed with blue satin streamer. From a selection of French lingerie at Woollards.

Negligée:

£21 17s. 6d.

Nightdress:

11 gns.

Rustle of pure silk adds femininity-plus to a robe tailored along the lines of a man's dressing-gown. In hyacinth blue with cupid and garland design etched in darker blue. By Angela Gore at Marshall & Snelgrove. About 10 gns. Also at Brights, Bristol; Mary Jane, Newmarket.





Tempting little wisp of a half-slip in pearly white satin nylon transforming to lace at the hips. Scalloped hemline has a sidekick slit, making the perfect petti to wear under a slim skirt. From a collection of French lingerie at Fortnum & Mason.

5½ gns.

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Amusing patio pyjamas given a feline feeling with ocelot print. Trousers full-length, top ruffled around the sleeves and yoke. In snug brushed nylon. By Morley at Selfridges only. 4 gns.

**GOOD  
LOOKS  
QUIZ**  
BY  
ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON

**The Christmas party rush is only just getting started but already I have tired eyes and no energy.**

Try Katherine Corbett's party treatment which you take the morning after the night before. . . . It consists of delicate electric vibrations which stimulate the circulation in the under eye area. The cost: 2 gns. a treatment. The telephone number: Hyde Park 5905. Try Bemax with its full-house of the B vitamins. Although you may not be suffering from B deficiency, a packet of this has taken many a girl through the party season. It gives lots more energy —the most energetic hairdresser in London

takes it every morning in milk with a whipped-up egg. Try a delicate beige foundation under eyes, you just touch it on to shadow shadows. Just a touch of gentle pink rouge high on cheekbones gives a believable glow, flip it on by the side of each eye. Try Couleyre Bleu which are eyedrops to make the whites whiter than white. They concentrate eye colour and make eyes look brighter. Try honey in pure hot lemon juice whatever hour you get to bed.

**I often go out of London for the weekend. Each time I pack a multiplicity of things that weigh me down before I even start packing clothes. How can I cut down?**

This month you are in luck because Elizabeth Arden are packing the flirty fragrance of

Mémoire Chérie into a drawstring Weekender. There is something fascinating about small sizes—this bagful contains a tin of talc, bath cubes, Flower Mist, hand lotion and soap: 19s. 6d. Packable too are the minimized hairsprays for under 5s.: Helen Curtis, Alberto VO5, Antoine's new Spray Set are three. Hair that falls down after Sunday's walk in the rain can be revived by a cleansing brush-through with Kisby once it is dry. Suitcase size too are Gala's Little Gem nail polish with just a few nailfuls of polish in each for 2s. 6d.

**One of the most irritating things I know is the utter uselessness of most pots of cream. Once you are more than half-way down, it is a question of scooping the reluctant cream out with finger tips. Why aren't more products packed in tubes?**

Lancôme have just repacked their products into elegant new wrappings. Part of the plan is to have everything available in handy tubes as well as pretty pots. Look out for them about now.

**I have a new low-backed evening dress that discloses my rather spotty back. What can I do?**

The reason backs are difficult to treat is the location problem. Wrap a pad of cotton wool around the tip of a long handled brush, dip it into an antiseptic ointment (Orlane's Lotion Camphree) and smooth it over the trouble area. Always use an antiseptic soap and get the circulation going with one of those old-fashioned hairy towels. Robinson & Cleaver keep them—they are good because you can apply just the right degree of friction all over to get a warming tingle. Back massage can't be beaten for promoting a soft, pliable skin.



# VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

**KILL 2 BIRDS** ST. MARTIN'S (TONY BRITTON, ROY PURCELL, ROGER LIVESEY, RENÉE ASHERSON)

## Tweedy homicide

BIRD WATCHERS ARE NOT A RACE APART. INDEED, one will soon be boasting that some of one's best friends are bird watchers. Mr. Philip Levene has taken the preoccupation, or science, a step further and shown us a cross-section of an Institute of Ornithology: in this case an organization with resources for much desired grants, one of which could take his amiably bumbling hero to the Caribbean where, having inadvertently dispensed death in one direction, humanly speaking, he will do his best to prevent its extinguishing a rare but uninspiring bird in those regions.

This George Appleby, played by Mr. Tony Britton, makes a pretty valid claim for ornithologists' rights to number themselves among the Absent-Minded Professor class. He is tweedy, modest, dedicated and just the type for whom women knit disastrous woollen mufflers. He is also, quite accidentally, a killer, not having the same precise skills in hand-to-hand combat as in his dealings with birds. His victim is obvious

from the start, a brash kind of Mr. Fix-it, played by Mr. Roy Purcell with all the dash and *brio* of a successful golf club secretary; a fairly sure target for some lethal weapon or other, such as a clumsily handled revolver kept in an accessible safe.

Appleby, however, bird-brained as he might justifiably be called, has the usual instinct for self-preservation and, by means of a tape-recording, arranges an alibi for himself so naively transparent that not only the audience but the forces of law, as represented by a splendid British Maigret, Inspector Gates, are, automatically in the first case and unwillingly in the second, on his side. Mr. Roger Livesey, as the detective, vitalizes the stage from his first appearance, throaty voice, perfect timing and all. He is one of those actors on whom the theatre depends for its magic. For some inscrutable reason, when this middle-aged man, rasping away through a bad cold, swinging himself across the set as if he were crossing a deck in an Atlantic storm, makes his appearance, there is an immediate reaction from the audience. This, I believe, is not a matter of a familiar reputation but of one of those mysterious links between an actor and an audience, just as difficult to define as star quality and just as real.

The Inspector sorts out the suspects with his own blend of acuity and humorous resignation, helped, if that is the word, by his young detective-constable (Mr. Peter Myers) who is the Commissioner's son—"It would happen to me!"—and who is so bright that he propounds and discards theories in exactly the inverse ratio to his working chief; a nice performance, this, complete with gay waistcoats and lamentably sprightly hats. Miss Renée Asherson does all that can be done in a female version of that classic role: "Charles, his friend," and retains her gnomish charm even as the girl who knows how to get an advance copy of *Birds Of Britain* ahead of a rival. And Mr. Jerold Wells is admirable as the porter-

handyman, truculent in manner, obliging in deed, and capable of reciting off the most esoteric Latin bird names in an immutable Cockney accent.

Since the killing takes place on a well-lighted stage there is no mystery of identity. On the contrary, this is one of those satisfying stories in which one is granted the superior position of knowing exactly what did happen and watching the efforts of the police to get close to the truth. In fact they get right to it, and only a little matter of a lack of corroboration allows Appleby, that besotted bird-fancier, to go free to his chosen destiny of saving a species of cobalt-coloured songsters from the fate of the dodo.

In detective stories there is too often a moment when the reader will make his private comment: "Go to the police now!" and later reflect that, if his sturdily commonsensical advice had been followed, there would have been no story. So it is here. The motive for the violence in this play is blackmail and the police, together with magistrates and judges, really don't care for blackmail, that near-deadly crime. There is the same moment of lack-of-truth, when one realizes that the woofly Appleby only had to fulfil his threat to telephone the police to have them with him in a brace of shakes. This is indeed one of the occasions when it would have been better to tell the truth because it is so much easier to remember. But Mr. Levene has written a genuinely entertaining play with a great deal of blessedly unpredictable, natural and funny dialogue. And with Mr. Livesey as the playgoer's bonus.

*Burdened with guilt, George (Tony Britton) confesses his crime to librarian Alice (Renée Asherson) in Kill 2 Birds*



## FILMS

## ELSPETH GRANT

**HOW THE WEST WAS WON** DIRECTORS HENRY HATHAWAY, JOHN FORD, GEORGE MARSHALL (CARROLL BAKER, HENRY FONDA, GREGORY PECK, DEBBIE REYNOLDS, JAMES STEWART) **CLEO** DIRECTOR AGNES VARDA (CORINNE MARCHAND, ANTOINE BOURSEILLER, DOROTHÉE BLANK, DOMINIQUE DAVRAY) **AMERICA THROUGH A KEYHOLE** DIRECTOR FRANCOIS REICHENBACH

## Doing the pioneers proud

IN ALL THE PUBLICITY MATERIAL I HAVE BEEN sent on **How The West Was Won**—and laid end to end the hand-outs would stretch from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus—I can find no mention of the men to whom most credit is due: the art directors. (I assume there must have been more than one of them as everything in this stupendous film comes wholesale rather than retail—three directors, 24 stars, hundreds of Redskins, thousands of buffalo and so on.) They have contrived with almost complete success to mask the jiggle and fuzz of light which have hitherto maddeningly drawn attention to the joins in Cinerama's triptych screen.

Against the backgrounds these pains-taking chaps have devised—a cunning huddle of trees, say, in the exteriors, or a wily arrangement of draperies in the interiors—the troublesome streaks are invisible: it is only in the shots of a vast, bare landscape that they appear—as slender, ghostly pillars of pale fire dancing up and down on the lone prairie. As long as they are not constantly present to distract the eye—and it's thanks to the anonymous art directors that they are not—I no longer mind them. I don't think you will, either.

For the first time Cinerama sets out to tell a story—an epic story, at that, covering the lives and hard times of three generations of a pioneering family—and the resultant whacking great film strikes me as the Western to end all Westerns. As you will expect, most of the 24 stars appear but briefly—only the imperishable Miss Debbie Reynolds stays the full course—but each is on the screen long enough to establish a definite character and all act as if their reputations depended upon their making a mark in a minor role.

As young girls, Miss Reynolds and her elder sister, Miss Carroll Baker, are orphaned when their parents (Mr. Karl Malden and Miss Agnes Moorehead) are drowned in the roaring rapids of the Ohio River. Mr. James Stewart, a trapper who has just had a nasty brush with a bunch of river pirates, finds the girls, marries Miss Baker and settles down with her (rather wistfully, for he's a footloose fellow) to build the farm of which her father had dreamed. Miss Reynolds heads for the bright lights of St. Louis and is next seen belting out saucy songs in a gaudy gambling joint.

News that she has been left a gold mine in California comes to the interested ears of a tinhorn gambler, Mr. Gregory Peck: when she sets off for Sacramento to claim



*Illusion multiplied by three; or, a play within a play within a film. Italian director Vittorio de Sica drills members of the cast of *The Condemned of Altona*, film version of Jean-Paul Sartre's play, in the Berliner Ensemble theatre in East Germany. They were performing *The Resistible Rise Of Arturo Ui*, one of two Brecht plays used in the action of the Sartre film. Actress on the dais is Sophia Loren, chorus on the right consists of members of the Ensemble company*

her inheritance, he joins the same wagon-train—to the annoyance of the wagon-master, Mr. Robert Preston, who is mad about Miss Reynolds. It turns out that the mine is worthless—and eventually Mr. Peck and Miss Reynolds, gamblers both, decide to try their luck in the new boom city of San Francisco.

Comes the Civil War—the differences between North and South disrupting the comparatively peaceful traffic of pioneers from East to West. This section of the film, directed by Mr. John Ford, is on a different level from the one that precedes and the one that follows it (directed by Mr. Henry Hathaway and Mr. George Marshall,

**VERDICTS** *continued*

respectively). Mr. Ford concentrates on the grim realities of war (the unknown soldiers blown to bits for a cause they scarcely comprehend) and his 20-or-so minutes—in which Mr. Stewart is killed at Shiloh and his son, Mr. George Peppard, saves the lives of Generals Sherman and Grant (Messrs. John Wayne and Henry Morgan) and returns home to find his mother dead—are charged with a deeper emotion than is usual in the traditional Western, of which, essentially, H.T.W.W.W. is one (albeit the biggest yet).

The concluding section of the film—dealing with the introduction of the railroad, the hostility of the Indians (who wipe out a paleface settlement with a thundering buffalo stampede), the antagonisms of the cattlemen and the homesteaders, and the efforts of solid citizens to establish law and order in the Wild West—flags a little here and there but ends with such a tremendous and riveting train-wreck (the best ever screened) that even the most parsimonious patron should leave with the

feeling that he's had his money's worth.

Mlle. Agnes Varda's conspicuously feminine film, **Cleo**—in which beautiful Mlle. Corinne Marchand has the title role—covers a hundred minutes (screen as well as story time) in the life of a young pop-singer who is awaiting the results of a medical examination. She fears she has cancer—but seems to dread the loss of her beauty more than death. A fortune-teller she consults reads her doom in the Tarot cards—and Cleo is distraught: but let her try on a score of hats at an indulgent milliner's ("Hats intoxicate me!") and she's momentarily happy again.

Her song-writers, who arrive at her bizarre apartment to rehearse new numbers, depress her—they appear to regard her as no more than a seven-day's wonder, at best. A visit from her rich lover—a fond but busy man of affairs—is too brief to please her. (One has the feeling that she's just a status symbol to him.) She wanders petulantly through Paris—is nauseated (me, too!) at the spectacle of a man swallowing live frogs, is distressed that she is the only listener to one of her records played on a

jukebox in a crowded and noisy cafe.

A chance meeting with a young soldier on leave from Algeria (M. Antoine Bourseiller)—a chatty soul full of comparatively useless information—relaxes her: having told her troubles to this sympathetic stranger, she is prepared to face calmly whatever is in store. There is a great deal of movement in the film (the Paris streets whizz by the windows of a taxi, the camera swings vertiginously to follow unheeding passers-by) but little action. It is a delicate study of moods and might have aroused my compassion, had Cleo not seemed such a shallow and ephemeral creature: the moods of mayflies, however important they may be to the poor little things themselves, will, I'm afraid, always leave hard-hearted old me dry-eyed.

**America Through a Keyhole** (horrid title) is a French-made documentary which pretends to exhibit certain aspects of life in the U.S.A. with admiration and awe while nudging you to ridicule them. The joke was far better played by two Russian writers in that beguiling book *Little Golden America*.

## BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

**LAST LETTERS TO A FRIEND** BY ROSE MACAULAY (COLLINS, 25s.) **THE PRE-EMINENT VICTORIAN** BY JOANNA RICHARDSON (CAPE, 30s.) **THE BED-SIDE BOOK OF BEDROOMS** ED. HUBERT COLE (HEINEMANN, 25s.) **NAUGHTY CHILDREN** ED. CHRISTIANNA BRAND (GOLLANCZ, 21s.) **I, FLOOR** (MACMILLAN, 5s.) **AFTERTHOUGHT** BY ELIZABETH BOWEN (LONGMANS, 30s.) **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH** ED. MARK BONHAM-CARTER (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, 30s.) **THE ENGLISHMAN** BY REGINALD POUND (HEINEMANN, 35s.) **THE BIRTHDAY KING** BY GABRIEL FIELDING (HUTCHINSON, 21s.)

### Sub Rose

WRITES ROSE MACAULAY IN **Last Letters to a Friend** of a review of her *Ruins* book, "She thought I was 'ribald' which seems most odd." It is this precise, dry, flatly astonished and funny tone of voice which is so highly characteristic and which one wishes were more in evidence in this collection of letters to Father Hamilton Johnson—a sequel to the earlier volume. To arrive at something about her books or those of others—sentences unfailingly rewarding, amusing and frank—one has to trudge through a good deal of this sort of material—still unmistakably her own voice, but less interesting to anyone not as concerned with details of the Anglican church as apparently she was: "We subscribed to give Fr. H. a cope, crozier, rochet and two mitres. All those episcopal garments are terrific in price, and I think it is a shame they aren't officially bestowed; many a poor bishop must be ruined by it, and gaiters too, etc." (I take it back; I am dazzled and intrigued by that "etc.") But there are a great many passages more strictly concerned with squabbles between Anglicans and Roman Catholics, and who is "considering popping" and such, that need

either a deal of patience or an enormous amount of sympathy.)

**The Pre-Eminent Victorian** by Joanna Richardson presents Tennyson in the splendidly upholstered setting of his times—not, it seems to me, a particularly original or deep assessment, but full of verve, not to mention some magnificent Tennyson stories of which there are a great number. I specially cherish a weekend during which Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, difficult as it may be to imagine, "frisked about like boy and girl in the heather," and there is a superb passage about Julia Cameron, the marvellous and eccentric photographer, who adored the poet ("I have a corner of worship for you in my heart"), stood outside his locked door when he refused to be vaccinated shouting "You're a coward, Alfred, a coward," and gorgeously assembled a cast for her illustrations to *The Idylls of the King*. The porter at Yarmouth was King Arthur, but Mrs. Cameron had a hard time finding the right Lancelot until she chanced upon the Bishop of Salford at a tea-party, and cried at once, "Alfred, I have found Sir Lancelot!"; to which Tennyson tremendously replied "in low, deep tones" (he was short-sighted, and could not descry the Bishop too clearly) "I want a face well worn with human passion." There is no beating this sort of stuff.

**Briefly . . .** Edited by Hubert Cole, **The Bedside Book of Bedrooms** is an agreeable anthology with some unexpected material—I am very fond of a Mr. Andrew Borde who is strong on advice: "To sleep grovelling upon the stomach and belly is not good, unless the stomach be slow and tarde of digestion; but better it is to lay your hand, or your bedfellow's hand, over your stomach, than to lie grovelling. To sleep upon the back upright is utterly to be abhorred."

**Naughty Children** is another anthology—this being anthology-time with a vengeance—by Christiana Brand, with drawings by Ardizzone, and includes Katy, Tom Sawyer and Deborah Delora who liked a bit of fun. I enjoyed it all very much. Together with

Napoleon, Lord Byron and Sir Thomas More, Flook is my favourite hero and I delight in his smooth, imperturbable and worldly charm. It is therefore with considerable sorrow that I have to confess to finding him in **I, FLOOR** the least bit of a bore. Straight narrative does not suit him, and dedicated fans should stick to the strip. Elizabeth Bowen's **Aftershadow** is a collection of reprinted essays, introductions and broadcasts about other people's writing and her own, and is so amiable and persuasive that one wishes, as always, that she would instantly write another full-length novel. And **The Autobiography of Margot Asquith**, edited by her step-grandson Mark Bonham-Carter, is still the best reading of the week, as lively and funny and annoying as it was when I first read it as a child and considered it the height of sophistication. The book is crammed with peerless episodes of enormous period charm, such as the occasion on which Margot, having been thrown from her horse when out hunting, encounters a stranger who turns out to be the Duke of Beaufort and says, looking at her untidy hair, "I think I shall call you Miss Fluffy!" She must have been maddening and probably impossible, but she thoroughly enjoyed her life.

**The Englishman** by Reginald Pound is a rather jolly and endearing biography of the late Sir Alfred Munnings, who once shouted late at night to Churchill who had just been elected R.A. Extraordinary and was staying late at the party, "Winston, when the hell are you going home?", to which the dignified reply came, "I shall go home when I feel like it." And Gabriel Fielding's **The Birthday King** is a complex, extremely intelligent and beautifully written story about Hitler's Germany, wide in scope, deep in perception, and yet quite unlike what one would have so far expected from this most perplexing and haunting novelist. I find Mr. Fielding's work more rewarding than almost any other contemporary fiction, and wait for his books with equal parts of excitement and apprehension.



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# RECORDS GERALD LASCELLES

**LESTER YOUNG & THE KANSAS CITY FIVE; CHICAGO JAZZ BY MUGGSY SPANIER SWINGIN' WITH HUMES BY HELEN HUMES ELLA FITZGERALD WITH CHICK WEBB'S BAND; MIDNITE IN HARLEM BY CHICK WEBB**

## Timeless magic

WHEN I FIRST STARTED COLLECTING JAZZ records, the best form of one-upmanship was to have a Commodore label on one's shelf. Commodore Music Shop was a slot on 42nd Street, in New York, devoted to jazz and nothing else, back in the dim days of 1938. Even in pre-LP days \$10 did not go very far, and I remember spending my all on a lengthy visit to this slim emporium on my first visit to New York. The repertoire was limited, but almost everything was of very high quality, and one was secure in the knowledge that it was not likely to be absorbed into one of the big record companies within years. Just how wise my "banking" policy was is proved by the fact that, 24 years after they were made, the first Commodore sessions are now commercially available in this country. **Lester Young & the Kansas City Five** revel in 40 minutes of pure unadulterated jazz (SL10002) on EMI's new offshoot, the State-

side label, which is devoted to the release of these famous sessions. Not only is Young superbly featured on clarinet and tenor, displaying many of the advanced ideas which were to make him a leading light in the "new" jazz of the '40s, but Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, and the famous Basie rhythm section can be heard on this swinging set.

Commodore also bent its ear towards the prolific club music which made Dixieland the music of the moment in the late '30s. The passage of time means little when Muggsy Spanier and Pee Wee Russell take the stand for some very informal, if not always well recorded, sessions by Spanier's Ragtimers, known as **Chicago Jazz** (SL10004). They grew up with the music from the start, and play it from the heart. Both these LPs are perfect examples of the sort of music I want to live with.

A jump to the present-day scene produces no startling change in style from singer Helen Humes, though I detect a vast difference in the sounds made by her accompanists in **Swingin' With Humes** (LAC12308). Her choice of material is excellent, her style carries both a tinge of Holiday and a wealth of her own individuality, and it is obvious that the years she spent with the bands of Al Sears and Count Basie stood her in good stead. Her appearance at the 1959 Newport Jazz Festival was memorable, and I remember trying to persuade her to come to England. Ironically enough, however, when she did

come here for a brief appearance a few weeks ago, I was unable to get to hear her.

Another lady singer needs no introduction—Ella Fitzgerald—but the context of her appearance **With Chick Webb** (AH36) may remind some readers that drummer-bandleader Webb was the first man to spot her latent talent, in 1934. A year later she made her debut with his band at Harlem's famous Savoy Ballroom. The 12 selections come from the 1937-40 vintage, when Ella had developed her full range and warmth, but was certainly not the polished sophisticated girl we know today.

In some ways I prefer **Midnite in Harlem** (AH32), an album devoted entirely to Chick Webb's band. They seem to present the big band swing era in an absolutely pure setting, without the frills that were to be added by the white copyists of contemporary vintage. Their 1934 versions of **Blue Lou** and **Don't Be That Way** seem to delve more deeply into the real art of making jazz than the versions by Goodman and others which were to follow a year or two later. It is perhaps significant that the composer of both these themes, Edgar Sampson, was one of the saxophonists in the band at this time, and also provided the arrangements, bringing with him the influence of a short spell with Fletcher Henderson. Behind all this the brilliant but tragic figure of the deformed and permanently sick drummer, Chick Webb, loomed as the driving inspiration for the band. His name will live in the annals of jazz, as this album proves.

# GALLERIES ROBERT WRIGHT

F. N. SOUZA GALLERY ONE

## Riot warning

FROM A NOTE IN THE CATALOGUE OF FRANCIS Souza's last exhibition I see that I once wrote an article about him that appeared under the title "Man Who Paints Pink Elephants." That was many years ago and I cannot remember a word of the article or even if there were any paintings of pink elephants in his studio at that time. There was certainly nothing so playful there when I called on him last week to talk about his latest exhibition, opening today at Gallery One in Mayfair. He was working on the latest of a series of paintings, called *The Human Predicament*, that is likely, if and when it is shown in its entirety, to cause a riot.

Conditioned as we are (largely, I suppose, through the work of Picasso) to horror-painting, there are few artists in the world today who have the power to shock us deeply. Of this few Britain has, in Francis Bacon and Francis Souza, more than her fair share and, evidently (in view of the fact that Souza has so far been denied the honour of inclusion in the Tate's permanent collection), a bigger share than authority feels is good for her.

Writing about Bacon's one-man show at

the Tate recently I argued that his work was too subjective and that its essence was not tragedy but morbidity. Sir John Rothenstein has reported that Bacon "cannot recall a day when he did not think of his own death." Souza told me that he, too, is always thinking of death—but not necessarily of his own death. He is not worried about his own skin but about the skin of the whole human race. This difference will, I believe, one day establish him as a more important artist than Bacon.

For Souza life is a tragedy wrapped up in a mystery but he likes to think of himself as a detached observer. "To a great extent I am an ivory tower painter," he says, surprisingly. "I am not trying to solve any sickness of my own. I'm an historian, a reporter."

At first it is impossible to reconcile his conception of himself as a cool, calm and collected commentator, with such violent and apparently sex-obsessed pictures as *Men without hope*, *Brave new Adam & Eve* and *The Red Curse* (three of the "Human Predicament" series now at Gallery One). He offers a variety of explanations for this paradox.

"Renaissance painters painted men and women making them look like angels. I paint for angels to show them what men and women are really like," he says. The violence and the sex-obsession are not his but ours.

"I am not my work. My work is a completely separate thing. My pictures are merely particles of matter flying about,

organized by me as I, in turn, am organized by some other power."

As he talks, he illustrates his points with quotations from Hegel and the Bible, Rimbaud and the Upanishads, T. S. Eliot and the Kamasutra. He is small and his voice is soft and deep down in him is a strong religious feeling that refuses to be crushed by the hideous monsters that he creates.

He was born in Goa 38 years ago and brought up as a Roman Catholic. He was baptised Newton Victor but when he was five he had smallpox and his mother vowed that, if he survived, she would call him Francis, after St. Francis Xavier, patron saint of Goa. He survived. At 13 he went to high school in Bombay and was expelled two years later. At 16 he went to the Sir J. J. (for Jamshedji Jigibuooh!) Art School, Bombay, and was expelled five years later. Up to 1947 his pictures were rejected by the Bombay Art Society, but in that year they were accepted and won him a prize.

London first heard of him in 1948 when he was represented in the exhibition of Indian art at Burlington House. In 1949 he came to London and for the next five years lived here on the borderline of starvation. But since 1955, when he was given the first of his six one-man shows at Gallery One, he has not looked back and is now among the most bought painters in this country.

To those who say that he "goes too far," that his work is too cruel and harsh, that he overstates his case and offends those in art's high places, he retorts: "I'll never compromise. I'd rather starve—again."

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# OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



**Amanda** (15 months), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Dimmock, with her mother—TV's Polly Elwes



**Lindsay** (5) and **Malcolm** (3), children of Mr. & Mrs. Angus Sillars, of Chandon, Dunbartonshire



**Charles** (2 years, 4 months) and **Ian** (3 years, 9 months), sons of Mr. & Mrs. David Liddell-Granger, of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire

## ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

SOME TIME AGO, WHEN DISCUSSING BUTTONHOLE roses, I mentioned *Cécile Brunner*, and I made a mental note to write about it sooner or later at greater length, together with a few associated roses such as *Perle d'Or*. Such roses are often classed as China Roses, though they are in reality hybrids of *R. Chinensis*, and that at a distance, having been crossed in the parentage with tea roses and possessing more nearly a polyantha character—so the title is merely a flag of convenience. *Cécile Brunner*, introduced in 1881, is a rose for every garden—not for bedding in masses to produce a vivid display, but for intimate admiration in small beds close at hand. In my garden it has attained four feet in height, not counting

the taller shoots thrown up in early autumn, but its average height is about two-and-a-half-feet. Nothing can be finer than its miniature, exquisitely formed buds, like so many smaller editions of *Ophelia* or *Lady Sylvia*. It is an easy rose to grow, forming a soft twiggy bush, with two long flowering seasons; in fact, it is hardly ever out of flower from early June onwards. *Cécile Brunner* is also called the Sweetheart Rose—no bad name either—and there is a climbing form, *Climbing C. Brunner*. The climbing version is also known as the Maltese Rose, though I find it disappointing and certainly not so continuously in flower as the parent.

*Bloomfield Abundance* dates from 1920

and forms a large bush up to six feet high. It is often catalogued as a tall form or sport from *Cécile Brunner*. Whether this is so or not, it is a fine rose for a large garden. *Jenny Wren*, a modern hybrid of 1956, can be included here. It is a cross between *Cécile Brunner* and *Fashion*, and suggests lines on which hybridists might experiment as a change from the endless red and orange H.T.s and floribundas. *Perle d'Or*, already mentioned, is a choice rose. Like *Cécile Brunner*, it belongs to the early 1880s, but is rather more substantial and with larger flowers of apricot and cream. These roses are so easy to grow and have so much to offer that I have no hesitation in recommending them to discerning growers.

## Chinoiserie



# A MOP UP OF THE CLEANING PROBLEM

**The Clean Homes Service Ltd.**, 6 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN 5408.) Will send one man for a whole day (bringing every possible piece of equipment necessary except hot water) for an inclusive charge of £4 10s. He will wash woodwork, walls, ceilings and floors; this is probably the most successful way of getting one room, such as a kitchen, thoroughly cleaned. This firm will also give estimates for decoration, and will make loose covers, curtains, lay carpets (or alter them to fit a new house).

**Doorsteps Ltd.**, 26 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. (SLO 9244.) Will send out cleaners for domestic jobs, charging 7s. 6d. per hour, with a minimum time of two hours. For bigger jobs, such as washing down paintwork, ceilings and walls, they charge £4 per day per man, including all equipment. They also shampoo carpets and clean upholstery—there is no set charge for this, they will come and give an estimate first.

**Clean Walls Ltd.**, 49 Paddington Street, Baker Street, W.1. (WEL 8141.) Send in teams of men to clean any sort of premises. Their point is that many people go to the trouble of redecorating when thorough cleaning is all that is necessary; they will come and look at your house, tell you if it is possible to clean it to its original standard, and give you an estimate for the work. They consider, rightly, that speed is of the essence in this kind of work, and to do a job quickly will work at night or over the weekend. They will also clean carpets and floors. If redecorating should prove necessary, this firm has an experienced decorating department.

**The London Household Service Ltd.**, 51 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3

(KNI 3721), has done a take-over of other people's problems. For a membership fee of two guineas a year it offers a splendid range of benefits, possibly the most appealing being the fact that they will carry out all sorts of minor and major repairs, including electrical and plumbing. They run a radio-controlled mini-van service for emergency repairs; should you have a burst pipe at midnight on Sunday, they will send someone along right away. Other services available include painting and decorating, cleaning and dyeing of soft furnishings, and a flower arrangement service. They have also obtained insurance concessions from Lloyd's for their subscribers (covering household and motor car insurance), and a discount on many home furnishings.

**Daily Maids Ltd.**, 557 Finchley Road, N.W.3. (HAM 0191.) If you live within a reasonable bus ride of their office, you can register with this firm for 17s. 6d. for six months, or £1 15s. for a year. Once registered, they will guarantee to send you cleaning help (at a cost of 5s. per hour, plus fares to and from the office, minimum time four hours). Usually they will send the same person, but should she be ill or away, they will provide a replacement.

Most **Gas Boards** have an Ascot and water-heater cleaning service (inquire at your local one for details). The North Thames Gas Board, for example, charge 10s. to 15s., depending on the type of heater, and will clean it once a year or once every two years, depending on the district and the amount of use it gets.

**H.P.V. Service**, 4 Oak Lodge, Cambridge Park, Wanstead, E.11 (WAN 3197), will clean domestic gas and electric cookers anywhere in London



They charge 33s. for an average-sized stove and 26s. a time if it is cleaned twice yearly.

**The Patent Steam Carpet Beating Co. Ltd.** (LAD 2474), charge from 4s. to 6s. 6d. a square yard for cleaning carpets, inclusive of collection and delivery, and take about a week.

**The London Steam Carpet Beating Co. Ltd.** (VAN 3316), charge from 4s. to 5s. 6d. a square yard, and take seven to ten days.

**Cleaners by Telephone**, 9a Cricklewood Broadway, N.W.2. (GLA 1543.) This dry-cleaning firm will accept orders by telephone. They collect curtains, blankets and loose covers, clean them, and deliver them back in about a week. Will also re-dye fading curtains. Charges are on estimate.

Many of **Sketchleys'** branches in London and big cities such as Leicester, Wolverhampton, Birmingham and Nottingham, will collect soft furnishings, clean them, and return them, taking about a week. Also (in London only) they will clean carpets

and upholstery in your own house.

**Rentokil Laboratories Ltd.** (addresses and telephone numbers of their branches are advertised in every local telephone directory) have an enormously varied service for anyone who is worried about the fabric of their house. Their Woodworm and Dry Rot Centre will carry out a survey free of charge or obligation, and give an estimate. Once they have cleared a house of woodworm or dry rot, they give a cast-iron guarantee for twenty years. They will also insure you against woodworm, and anybody who is building a new house should think about the Rentex treatment of timber, which makes wood immune to attacks of dry rot or woodworm. And, particularly fascinating to anybody who has bought a dear old country cottage and finds he is having to cope with dear old rising damp, Rentokil have evolved a new electrical process which solves the problem without having to rebuild. Their main centre is at 16 Dover Street, London, W.1. (HYD 0061.)

**The Great Met Ltd.** (BEL 2101) have a sort of gentleman's agreement with their clients; they guarantee to turn up once a month (or more often, if wanted) to clean windows. Charges vary according to the number and size of windows; but they give an estimate before they start.

**Ronuk Ltd.**, 16 South Molton Street, W.1 (GRO 5011), as well as preparing and surfacing new wooden floors, will sand down and resurface old, badly stained ones. They have branches throughout the country, and on inquiry at any of these will send a surveyor to give an estimate without obligation to the customer.

**BY ANGELA INCE**

# MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Gearing up for export

WHEN VAUXHALLS GET INTO THE SWING OF production with their new six cylinder Velox and Cresta they will have three best-sellers on their hands, because the Victor is going great guns, too. At last this Luton branch of the General Motors Corporation has realized that clean, simple lines and styling appeal much more to the British public than the fussy bits and pieces and chromium plate that seem to dazzle the Americans. Whether the Cresta will suffer vis-à-vis the Ford Zodiac because it hasn't four headlamps remains to be seen. The winter will no doubt demonstrate whether there is any real value in having four smallish lamps when two fairly large ones have hitherto been sufficient.

On the subject of headlamps, the experiment in Birmingham last winter indicated that we should keep our headlamps on, and dipped, when in built-up areas where street lighting is not as brilliant as it is in city centres.

I am all in favour of revealing the presence of a moving car when there is the least possibility that some other road user might be unaware of an oncoming vehicle. Joseph Lucas, who make most of the lighting equipment for British cars, are keenly interested in the Birmingham experiment, and it is hoped that the outcome of the present tests will show whether or not dipped headlamps in well-lit towns are a

help towards road safety. I note that the Coventry city engineer is not favourably inclined towards the practice.

Recently a quiz conducted among motorists in Sweden as to the qualities they most looked for in a car returned proofing against rust as the second most important requirement. Perhaps because of their fiercer climate, and the corrosive effects of salt spread on the ice and snow which are such a perennial feature of the Scandinavian winter, the use of stainless steel is more highly valued by the European motorist than may be the case here. None the less, if we are going to tackle Continental sales in the right way, we shall have to demonstrate that our cars can stand up to the most rigorous conditions. Stainless steel is likely to be a growing help in tackling such conditions, but whereas in Sweden the average weight of this corrosion-proof material per head of the population is 34 lbs. and in the U.S. 27 lbs., here in Britain we use only 12½ lbs.

One of the first jobs that metallurgists have in mind for stainless steel is silencers, which will, it is claimed, then last the lifetime of any normal car. The ordinary mild steel in general use here for this purpose calls for renewal at fairly frequent intervals—probably five or six silencers per car. Similarly with bumpers; we all know how decrepit the bumpers of many cars three or

four years old look, with rusty patches showing through decaying chrome. In France, for instance, the popular Peugeot car is already being fitted with stainless steel bumpers, which silences the criticism that it is difficult to fashion this kind of component in it—especially as the manufacturer in question employs a British machine tool for the process.

Books of service vouchers issued with all new B.M.C. cars have been replaced by a "Passport" which covers servicing for 24,000 miles instead of the previous 12,000 miles. This development is part of the Corporation's policy of reducing the cost of regular maintenance to its car owners, extending the recommended servicing intervals on all current production cars from 1,000 to 3,000 miles. The reason is that improvements in lubrication technology have shown that fewer visits to the service station could safely be made, though the first (and free) check-up at between 500 and 1,000 miles should be retained. The new Morris and MG 1100s incorporate a major development in greasing points—there are only four of them (all on the steering swivel pins), and there is also a tell-tale light on the facia board which comes on when the oil filter needs renewing—a somewhat rare occurrence. The curtailment of servicing is probably the most definite motoring trend of 1963.

*The Bentley as a grandstand. One aspect of a Harold Radford "Countryman" conversion, which claims to provide the most comprehensively equipped car in the world. Picnic table is a box that carries the folding canvas chairs. Inside the car are fitments that turn it into*

*a shooting brake, chauffeur-driven limousine or owner-driver saloon at will. There is even a pen that gives a dog freedom while preventing damage by scratching. At the Motor Show, a Bentley S.3, two Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud IIIs and a Citroën Safari were shown converted*





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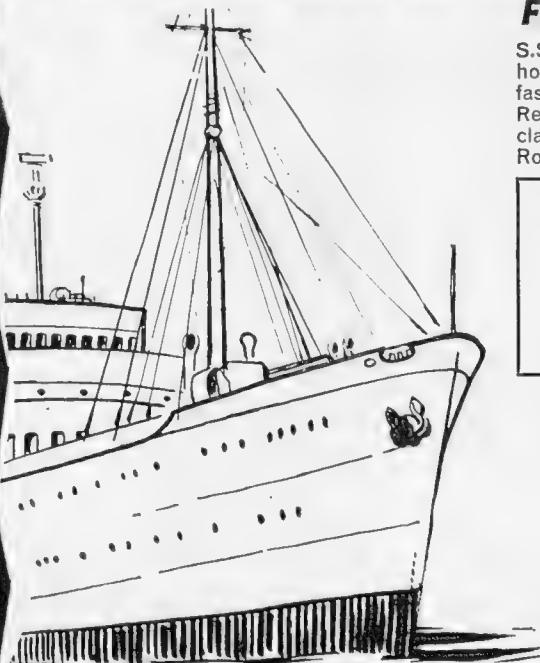
Chateau de Irroy (Blanc de Blancs) 1953.  
Irroy Extra Sec 1955.  
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# Weddings

**Mackay—Fairbairn:** the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay, daughter of Lord & Lady Reay, of Langlee House, Galashiels, was married to Nicholas Hardwick, son of Dr. W. R. D. Fairbairn, of Duddingston, Edinburgh, and the late Mrs. Fairbairn, at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh



**Gooch—Alford:** Gillian Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Clifford Gooch, of Longfield Drive, Amersham, was married to David John, son of Dr. A. F. Alford, of Clifton, Bristol, and the late Mrs. Alford, at St. Mary's, Amersham



**Schofield—Warrington:** Marigold Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William & the Hon. Mrs. Schofield, of Low Burton Hall, Masham, Yorks, was married to Antony, son of Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Warrington, of Oakwood House, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, at St. Joseph's, Richmond, Yorks



**Townshend—Capellini:** Lady Carolyn Townshend, daughter of Marquess Townshend, and Lady Gault, of Hemingstone Hall, Ipswich, was married to Antonio Capellini, son of the late Vicenzo Capellini & Donna Anna Candeo Vanzetti Levi da Zara, of Genoa, at St. James's, Spanish Place

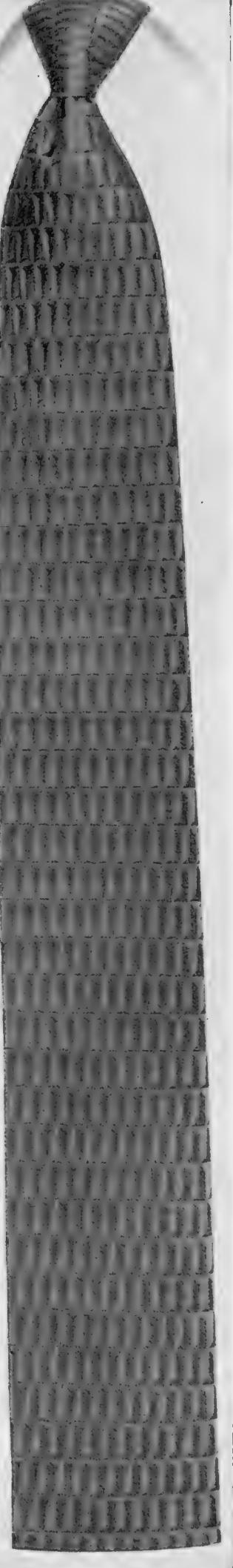


**Mount—Cameron:** Mary Fleur, daughter of Sir William & Lady Mount, of Wasing Place, Aldermaston, Berks, was married to Ian, son of the late Mr. Donald Cameron & the Hon. Mrs. R. F. Watson, of Thankerton House, Windlesham, Surrey, at St. Nicholas', Wasing



**Thompson—Loyd:** Deirdre, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Thompson, of Symondstone, Churt, Surrey, was married to Captain William Loyd, The Life Guards, son of Capt. V. G. Loyd, of Kingsmoor, Ascot, and Mrs. G. H. Critchley, of Chester Square, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

HARRY AMIES



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# COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRESSING TABLES FOR 20th-century women always present antique dealers with a problem. Substitutes such as Pembroke tables, sofa tables, and three-foot Sheraton cottage sideboards have been found, but a genuine 18th-century dressing table of sufficient elegance and practicability for the modern bedroom is a rarity.

Throughout almost the whole 18th century the standard dressing table made for both men and women was the mahogany serpentine chest of drawers with either a dummy top drawer and a lifting top or, as is more usual, with a fitted top drawer. This is a large piece of furniture in itself and one which, when opened for use, projects even farther into the room. The fittings in the top drawer, apart from the mirror, are unsuitable for modern requirements, most of the space being arranged for once-fashionable necessities and adornments such as rings & ruffs and buttons & bows.

Towards the end of the 18th century another form of dressing table became popular. It incorporated the same intricate fittings but these were enclosed by a double outward folding top. This is very pleasing when closed but rather cumbersome when open, and if kept permanently open is a certain dust collector.

It was therefore a pleasant surprise to see,



*This late 18th-century dressing table is a double rarity. It is both extremely elegant, and well adapted to modern use*

## Dressing table dilemma

at Denys Wrey's in Sloane Street, one of the most elegant and practical 18th-century dressing tables (of about 1775) that I have yet come across; it is 3 ft. 4 in. wide, 1 ft. 8 in. deep and 4 ft. 3 in. high and of outstanding quality and beauty.

The elegance of this rare piece can be seen in the photograph, but unfortunately the beauty of the contrasting colours of the various woods used is lost. The cupboard doors on either side of the mirror, for instance, consist of oval panels of nut-brown flared mahogany surrounded by carefully arranged sections of paler satinwood, and in the four corners there are little fans of even paler yellow boxwood. This is all enclosed within a narrow dark crossbanding of kingwood. A similar arrangement of contrasting woods surrounds the inset mirror, which can be adjusted on a ratchet. The two cupboards contain shelves suitable for bottles and bowls.

Three other exceptional features are worth noting. First, the very elegant curves of the pediment (cross banded with satinwood on the top); secondly, the scalloped frieze along the whole length of the pediment; thirdly, the five-sided front legs—the front surface of these is chamfered back to form a pointed edge to the front, with the charia husks inlaid down the centre edge and the shells lying back on either side.

# DINING IN

Helen Burke

WE MAY NOT HAVE AS MANY WONDERFUL regional dishes as there are in France, Germany and Italy, but we have some fine ones nevertheless. One not seen as often as it used to be is BEEFSTEAK & KIDNEY (or oyster) PUDDING, for the understandable reason that it takes so much time to cook. Four hours are not too long to have it boiling merrily on the stove. Such a pudding is one of the very few outstanding main courses which, once assembled and put on to cook, requires no attention beyond topping up the water level from time to time—and that cannot be considered work.

I know a woman who, when entertaining guests for the first time, serves wonderful savoury puddings. She adapts recipes to her own needs and makes her "suet" pastry for all meat puddings with butter. Here is her recipe, which I have made many times. It will serve 5 to 6 people.

Cut 1½ lb. of beef skirt or (more expensive) rump steak into strips, and wrap a shelled oyster in each. This will need 1 to 1½ dozen oysters. Helford (family-size) oysters, at only 6s. a dozen, are the ones to use, and your fishmonger will show you how to open them with a special strong, short-bladed knife. Mix together a tablespoon of flour, a level small teaspoon of salt and ¼ tea-spoon of freshly milled black pepper. Coat the meat rolls in this mixture.

Make the following crust. Sift together 8 oz. of self-raising flour and ¼ tea-spoon of salt. Grate 2½ to 3 oz. of butter into them on a not-too-fine shredder. Mix in enough cold water to make a soft, pliable dough. Remove and reserve a third of it. Line a well-

buttered pudding basin with the remainder.

Turn the prepared meat into the basin and pour in enough cold water almost to come through. This should include the liquid from the oysters. Pat out the reserved dough large enough to cover the pudding then, having dampened the pastry in the basin, place this "lid" on top and pinch the edges together. Cover with greased greaseproof paper and a cloth, stand in a pan with boiling water coming at least half-way up the basin, put on the lid as tightly as possible and boil for 3 hours, replenishing the water when necessary.

Wrap the pudding basin in a napkin and serve. When the first wedge of the pudding has been cut out, pour into the basin some hot, well-flavoured clear stock made from the meat trimmings.

If you prefer veal or young ox kidney to oysters, cut 4 to 6 oz. of them into small pieces and use them in the same way. Or, instead of either oysters or kidney, some people like mushrooms. Allow 6 to 8 oz. of firm, small, whole ones. Fry them quickly in a little butter, shaking the pan, sprinkle with a little salt and include them with the meat in the first place. Some cooks would add a chopped onion—but I would not.

One of the oldest and most satisfying dishes when one is really hungry is pickled leg of pork served with pease pudding and root vegetables—plebeian, perhaps, but very good. These days, leg of pork is so expensive that I have long since substituted pickled ham or, if it is on the lean side, pickled streaky pork which is the equivalent of streaky bacon. This last is,

in some ways, even better than the leg because the meat is sweet and tender, there is practically no bone and it cuts into very pleasant slices. And, believe it or not, one pays only 2s. 6d. a pound for it—at least I do. Find a butcher who has the knack of the perfect brining. Not everyone does it lightly.

Here is a once-in-a-while PICKLED PORK dish for 5 to 6 servings. Buy a piece of about 2 lb. and wash it. Then, if you think necessary, soak it for an hour and drain it. Place in a pot with 5 to 6 whole, fair-sized onions, the head of a small, crisp celery cut into 1½-inch lengths, 3 halved decent-sized carrots and a bouquet consisting of several parsley stalks, a small bay leaf, a sprig of thyme and a little rosemary, wrapped in greaseproof paper with the ends twisted.

Add hot water just to cover the lot and as much freshly milled black pepper as you like—but wait to find out how salty the stock is before adding salt. Cover tightly, bring to the boil, then lower the heat so that the liquid just moves gently. In 1½ to 2 hours, the dish should be ready. Lift out the "packet" of herbs and press their juices back into the pot. Slice the meat and serve it with the vegetables around it and a little of the strained stock spooned over all.

I hope that the remaining stock will not be salty. If it is, it will go towards the making of a nice pot of soup. Add enough water to make the desired amount of stock. Add chopped, mixed vegetables and a table-spoon or so of washed barley. Cover and simmer just long enough to cook the barley. Taste and season to your liking.



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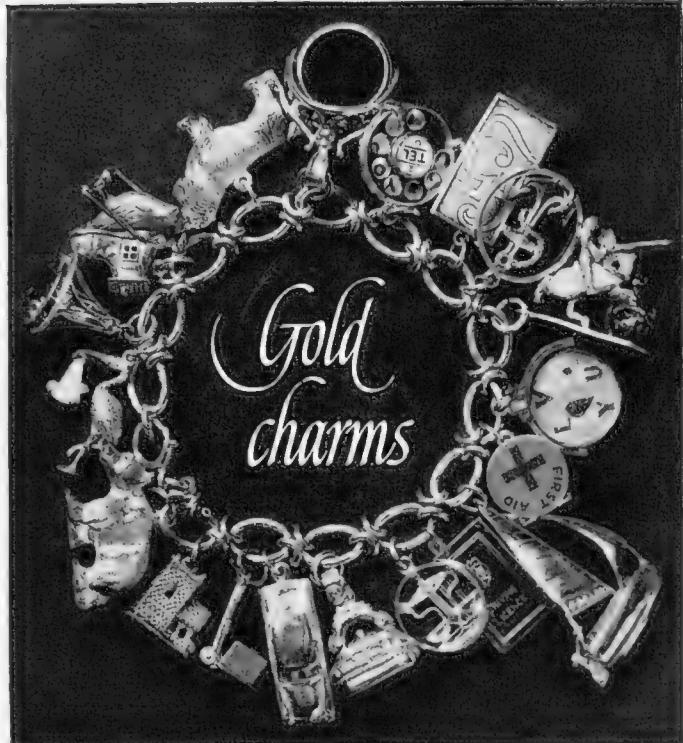
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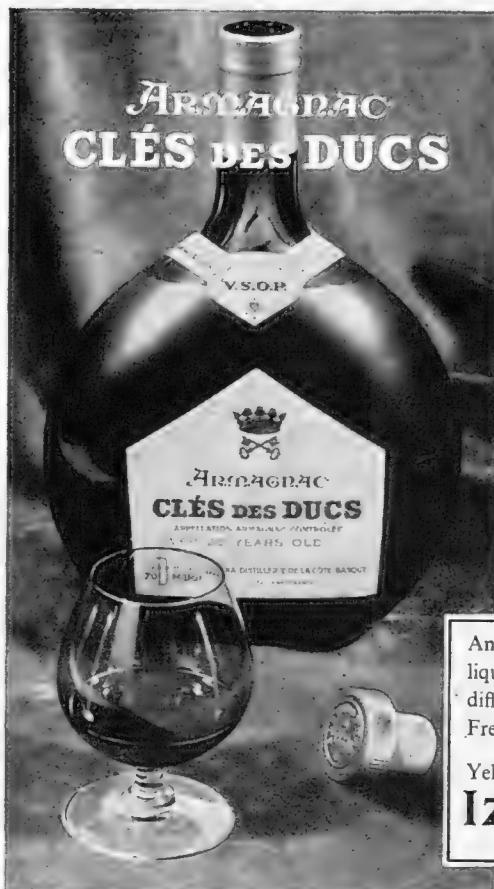
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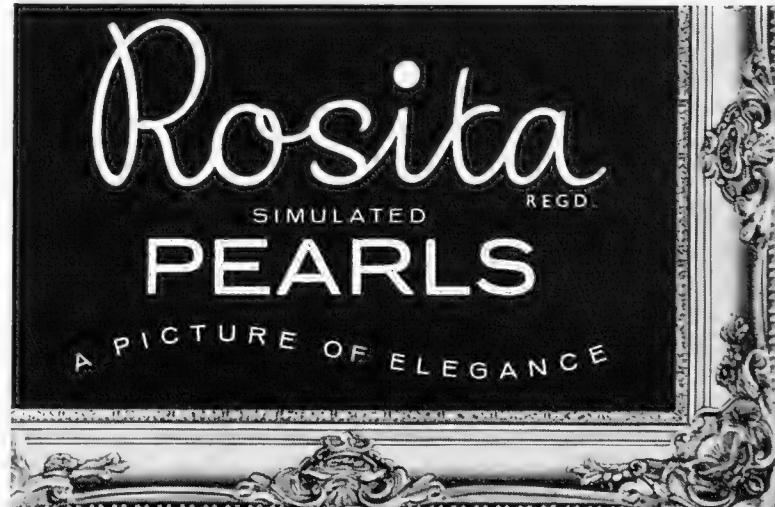
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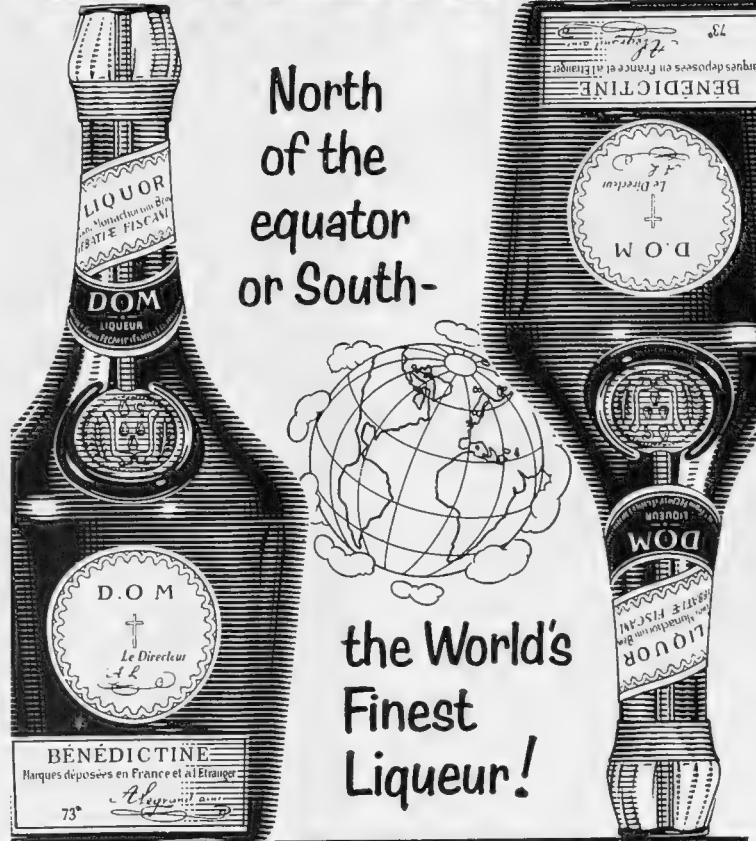
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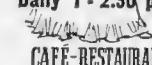
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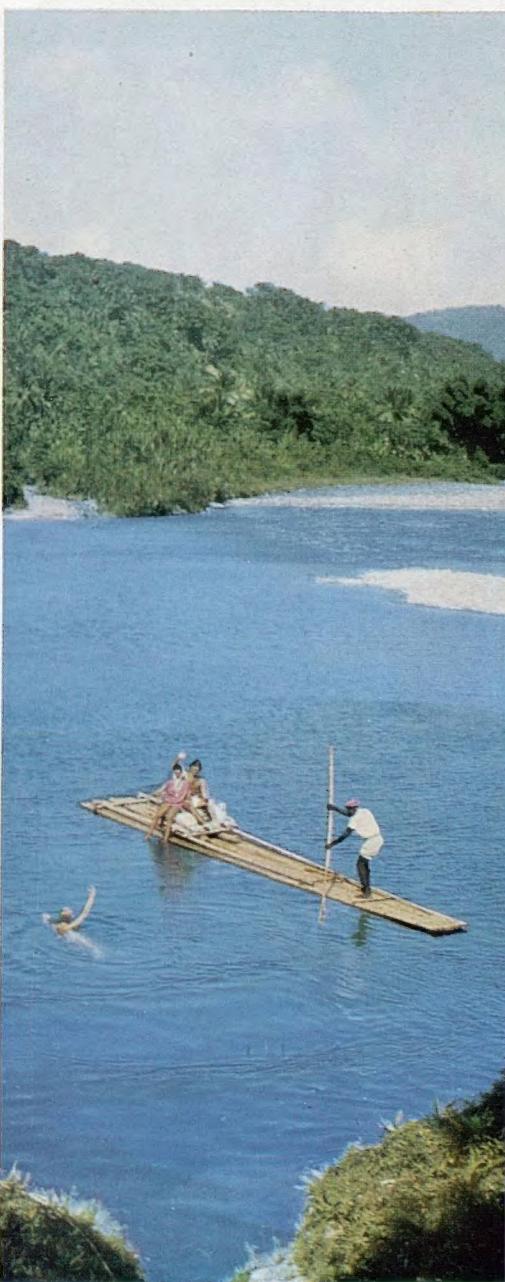
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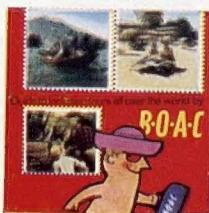
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